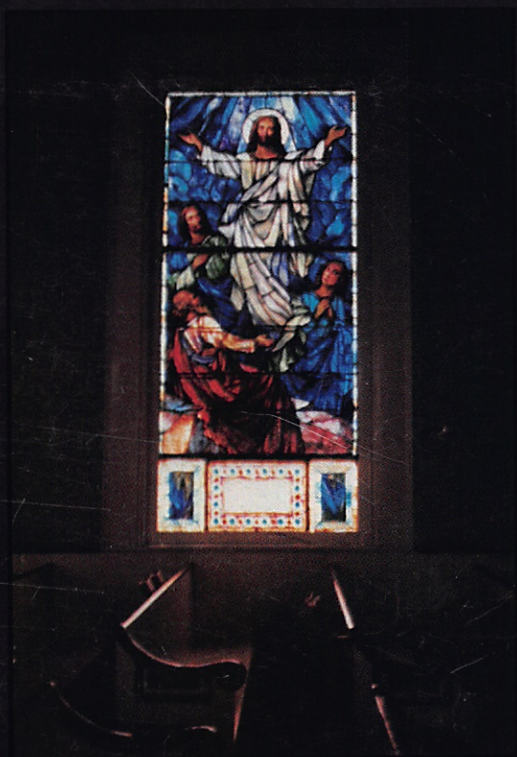


Bitter Sweet

\$1.50

Vol. Eight, No. 6

April, 1985

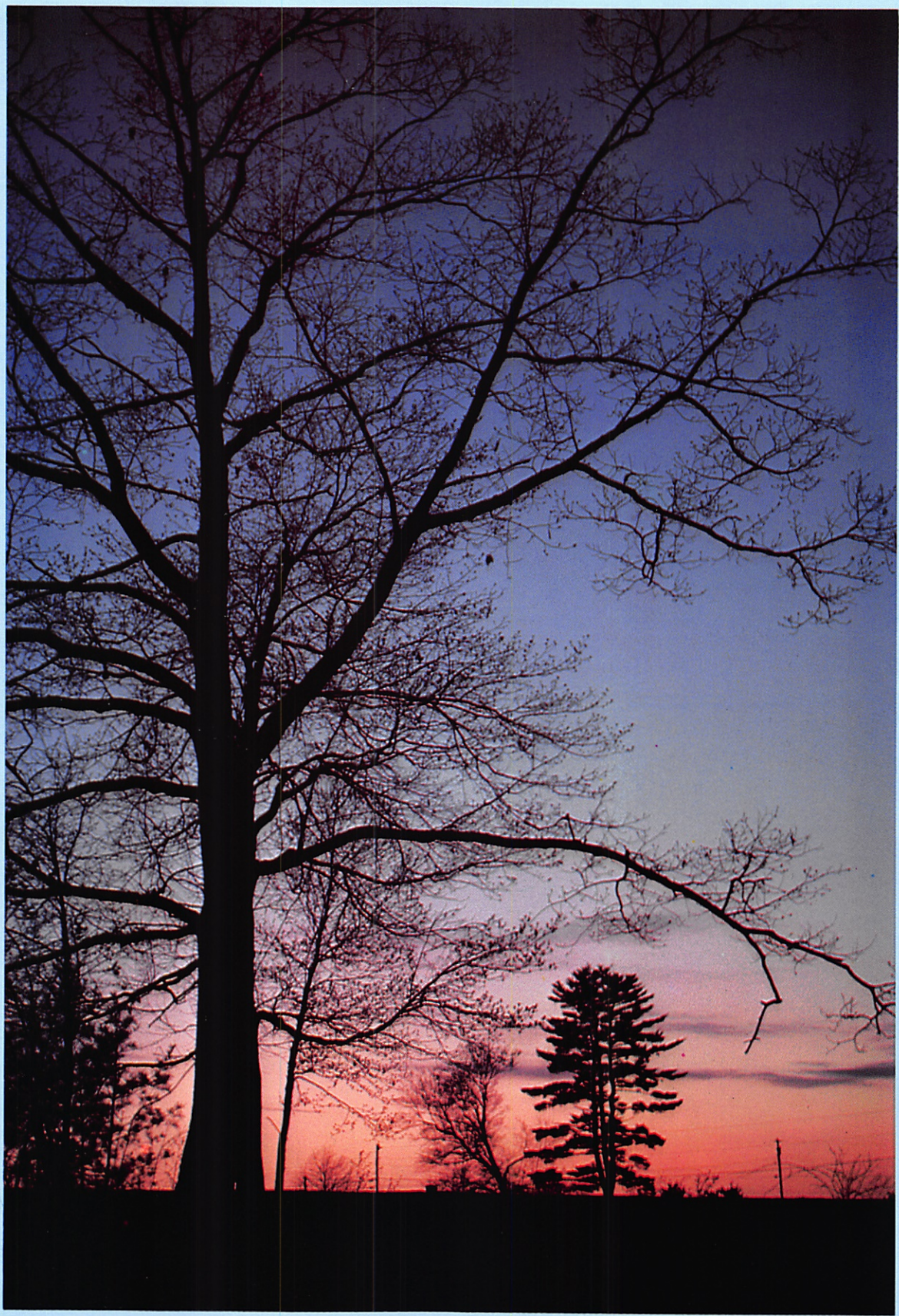


The Windows of Stetson Union Church
Haskell Library on Vermont's
Canadian Border

"On The Eighteenth of April"... The Minutemen



THE FLAVOR OF
NORTHCOUNTRY LIVING





Haskell Library in Vermont - page 7



ATTENTION: Young Authors BitterSweet's Annual Young People's Writing Contest is here.

Deadline: June 15th.

Rules: Poetry, Fiction or Essays may be submitted. Only one entry per student (ages 14-20). Entries must be typed on 8½x11 paper and must include name, address, school, and grade completed to be eligible.

Entries cannot be returned.

Send to:

P.O. Box 266, Cornish, ME 04020.

Attn: BitterSweet Writing Contest.

COULD THEY PLACE IT?

The photo in your December issue ... is a view of the Ledges going up into Bird Hill from Locke's Mills, I believe. Could it be a Nettie Cummings Maxim print?

I enjoy your magazine greatly—keep it up! In Him ...

Ben Conant
So. Paris, ME

Ed. Note: *It is, and it could. The photo was loaned to us by Mrs. Maxim's daughter, Mrs. Winifred Merrill of Harrison. BitterSweet would like to feature more of Nettie Cummings Maxim's turn-of-the-century photos—as it has in the past. The old glass plates, we understand, have been given to a local historical society. We will find them.*

I'll guess that "Can You Place It" photo on page 4 of your February issue is at West Mills on Falls Brook within the town of Industry ...

Zip Kellogg
Bangor, ME

I think it is the Covered Bridge over Black River, near Perkinsville, Vermont ... keep up the good work.

Jewel Libby
Steep Falls, ME

Ed. Note: *Neither reader is correct. (See page 4 of this issue for the right identification.)*

THANK YOU, JACK

Just a short note to let you know how much I enjoy your magazine. I especially enjoy Jack Barnes' articles on Maine writers. Keep up the good work!

Mark A. Stoffan
Scarborough, ME

When Jack Barnes came to interview me recently ... he gave me some copies of *BitterSweet*, and I am so impressed with what your magazine offers to readers that I want to send along the following comments:

Through the pages of *BitterSweet*, those of us who are lucky enough to live in the north country are invited to learn more about our corner of the world, our neighbors, and our history; while non-residents are invited to discover (and no doubt will come to envy) what and who we have here. Keep it all coming—the well-written articles that are wide in scope and yet fall nicely within "the flavor of north country living," the magnificent photographs, the fiction, the recipes, the poetry, nostalgia, and all the rest.

Good luck to a magazine that speaks of quality and offers much pleasure to its readers.

Beverly S. Gordon
Peterboro, N.H.

Ed. Note: *Mrs. Gordon has written a book titled **The First Year Alone**. She and some of her poetry will be seen in future issues of **BitterSweet**.*

It was a very pleasant experience for us to be featured in the latest issue ... On behalf of the entire Morrell family, I would like to express my appreciation to you and your staff for producing a high quality description of our experience here.

Stoney Morrell
Glen, N.H.

Elaine Dougherty
Publisher

Nancy Chute Marcotte
Editor

Lauren MacArthur
Associate Editor

Jack Barnes
Correspondent

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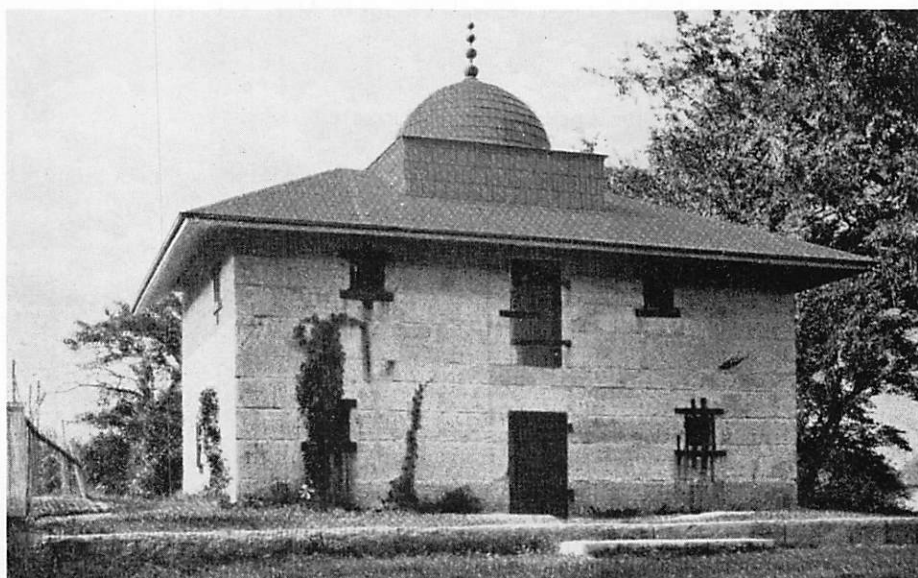
Cross Roads

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Cover: The Transfiguration - stained glass window (with close-up of St. John) at Stetson Union Church. Photos by Janet Akerson.

Can You Place It?



Can you identify the photo at top? If you can, write "Can You Place It?" at P.O. Box 266, Cornish, ME 04020.

First postmarked correct answer wins a free subscription to BitterSweet.

The photo at left was unidentified. It is Goodrich Falls, Jackson, N.H. and was loaned by Janet Hounsell.



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BitterSweet Views For April

... Through many dangers, toils and snares
We have already come.
'Twas grace that brought us safe thus far
And grace will lead us home ...

Amazing Grace

These words came to me recently, as I drove the road between Cornish (the office) and South Paris (my home)—the scenic and tortuous, hour-long route through Bridgton and Denmark, through Hiram and Baldwin. As I drove, carefully, over the frost heaves, I thought of the changes **BitterSweet** has passed through in its eight years: four changes of location, four changes of owners, many changes in contributors, advertisers, salespeople, rates.

There have been a few constants through the years. Jack and Diane Barnes are some. Most of our original readers are still with us. I have been here since Volume One, Issue One. And our goals remain the same as they were in 1977—to chronicle the changes and constants among our New England neighbors. *Something* surely has kept us going thus far.

Some weeks ago, I flew to Tallahassee, Florida, at the request of our publisher. (It was *chilly* in Maine in February, so it wasn't too difficult to convince me.) There, I saw the lovely new home of **BitterSweet** South and met Cindy Whaley, its energetic young editor. Our March issue included a complimentary copy for our readers, so probably most of you have seen it by now.

I was struck by how the sister publications are paralleling, almost by instinct, not by plan. Certainly, the rural southeast and rural northeast have much in common—not the least of which the pines that surround us both. Mrs. Dougherty's Cornish Country Inn, our present home, has a sister hostelry in her Crawfordville Country Inn there. I felt a kindred spirit in the two editors, as well.

We've already discovered that our plans for summer issues are very closely related. That's instinct, for we had never even talked on the telephone before my trip south. The common denominator (besides the dedication of the Elaine Dougherty and her sister Faye Dailey) has to be *you*, the people who delight us so as readers, writers, advertisers. Your values, interests, and backgrounds make us cry, or laugh, but always learn. We are ever inspired by your differences as well as your similarities.

And so, another spring brings another time of growth and change for us. One of those changes lies in where the magazine can be found in the future. You can look for us back where we used to be, on the counters of small local stores. In future issues we hope to include a listing of where **BitterSweet** can be purchased.

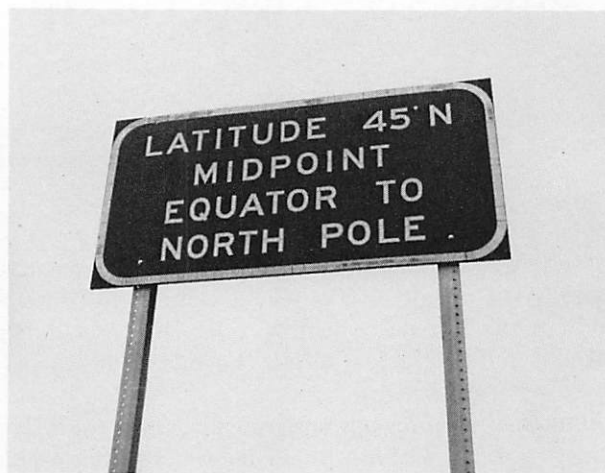
If you ever find that you cannot find the magazine, that's the time to subscribe. It's purely practical, after all. Twelve issues of **BitterSweet** by subscription cost the same as ten issues bought individually. This is a **saving of at least \$3.00** over the our cost bought over-the-counter. Urge your friends to subscribe, too. This is the best time, and we need you. Just send in the card in this issue.

Potential and past advertisers will find that **BitterSweet** has new, low ad rates. Representatives will be contacting you in the near future. Please take a fresh look at what they offer. Never before has it been as convenient to advertise in **BitterSweet**. Never before has **BitterSweet** been so widely distributed across New England, or of so much benefit to you. Remember, no one ever throws **BitterSweet** or your ad away!

This is an exciting time for the magazine, as our energies go into producing a quality publication and getting it out to as many people as possible. We think that you will like us better every month. Stories and poems continue to pour in every day; if you don't hear from us right away, that is why. However, keep those letters coming and we will get back to you as soon as we can. **BitterSweet** is growing, to serve you better.

In the meantime, I'll enjoy the green warmth of April and the gracious calm of The Cornish Country Inn. Still, I can't help wishing for a return trip to the beautiful inn at Crawfordville—I keep thinking about "Miz Dailey's" ham and grits, biscuits and gravy. Yum!

Nancy Marcotte



All photos by Mary T. Carty

A TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES (or why they moved the border)

The Haskell Free Library and Opera House is a tale of two countries. But, if it were not for an inaccurate 18th-century survey, the site of the 80-year-old granite and buff brick structure would be located about a half-mile north of the U.S.-Canadian border.

On Interstate 91 on a hill above Derby Line, Vt., a sign stands without fanfare, reading "Latitude 45° North —Midpoint Equator to North Pole." There are no Customs officials present at that rocky bend, though, according to treaties between Great Britain and the United States, that latitude was to be the line separating Canada and the newly independent nation to the south.

In 1767, astronomical observations were made on the eastern shore of Lake Champlain, and the supposed position of the 45th parallel was established. From this point in 1772, the Crown's Deputy Surveyor-General John Collins first recorded a line as far east as the Connecticut River, which today separates Vermont and New Hampshire.

The Quebec Act of 1774 accepted this survey's findings as the fixed border separating what was the eastern part of the Province of New York and Canada. Recent surveys indicate that the

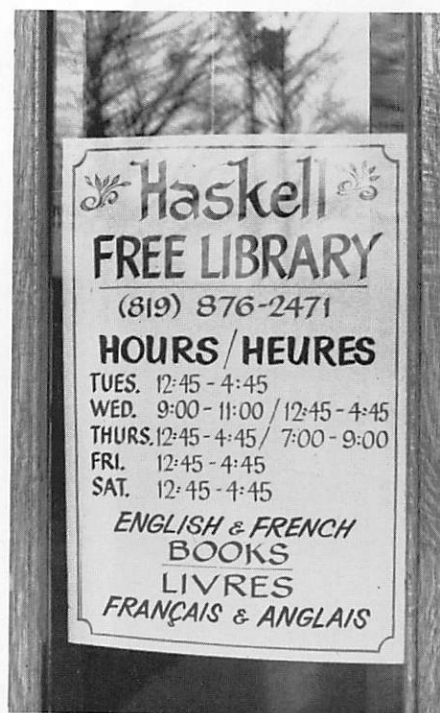
entire length of this boundary runs from a quarter of a mile to 1.1 miles *north* of the 45th parallel.

The original limits of the United States were first officially described in the provisional treaty concluded with Great Britain in 1782. That treaty (and one a year later) defined the northern border of what would become the State of Vermont as "the 45th degree of north latitude."

A joint commission of the two nations, formed through the *Treaty of Ghent* in 1822, and the King of the Netherlands, acting as an arbiter in 1829, both affirmed the 45th parallel as the boundary between Vermont and Quebec.

It took some 70 years for the error affecting the 90.4 mile-long border of Vermont to be recognized and accepted. With the 1842 *Webster-Ashburton Treaty*, it was "agreed and declared that the line of boundary shall be as follows: ...the old line of boundary surveyed and marked... previously to the year 1774, as the 45th degree of north latitude, and which has been known and understood to be the line of actual division between the States of New York and Vermont on the one side and the British province of Canada on the other."

M.L.



SHARED BETWEEN TWO COUNTRIES THE HASKELL FREE LIBRARY & OPERA HOUSE ON THE VERMONT/CANADA LINE

by Mark Lombard

The nicely dressed young woman, arms filled with books, crosses the border into the United States.

Moments later and without notifying authorities, she crosses back into Canada carrying a pile of documents.

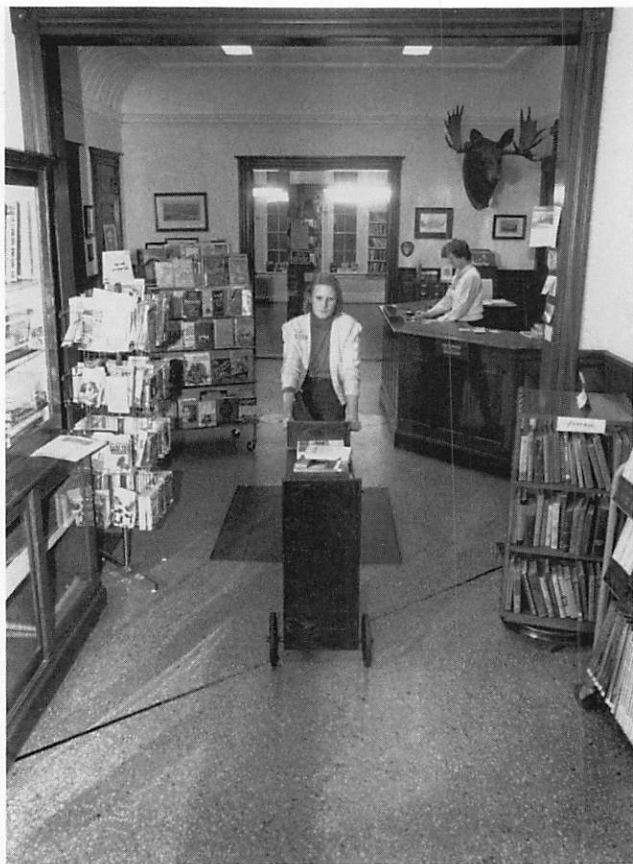
And while the Customs officers of both countries have been aware of her presence in the area and cameras and border patrols are constantly on guard, she has traversed the international line hundreds of times a day for the last three years without being stopped.

This has all of the trappings of an intriguing international drama. But 24-year-old Kim Prangle is not a character in a spy thriller, though as head librarian of the Haskell Free Library, which straddles the border separating the two countries, she may be able to find

such works of fiction on the bookshelves.

Through a special arrangement between the Canadian and American governments, residents from the surrounding communities are not required to report to Customs when they use the facilities. This is but one of the idiosyncracies of the 80-year-old granite and buff brick building. An oddity set both in Derby Line, Vt., and Rock Island, Quebec, it has been the site of drug and smuggling trials, a passageway to freedom and a near appearance by the Beatles.

The visitor to the first-floor library must be prepared for an unique international journey, walking through the front door in the United States, proceeding to the book stacks or the children's room in Canada and back to the United States to sit in the reading room or to pick up the latest French- or English-



Librarian Kim Prangley

language periodical. When a reader wishes to check out a book, the librarian, a Canadian resident who happens to have a dual citizenship, must leave her office in the Green Mountain State to step up to the dark oak lending desk in "La Belle Province."

Upstairs is an opera house, complete with rosewood seats, original wood and rope backstage rigging, and ornate stucco relief. The two-story amphitheater may be the only place in the world in which performances take place in one country while most of the audience watches from another.

And though this structure, the only public building in the area set on the border (two-fifths in the United States and three-fifths in Canada), has earned a spot in "Ripley's Believe It Or Not!" and has been placed on the National Register of Historic Places, the residents of the border communities are typically reserved about the structure.

"I think that everyone that lives around here is well adjusted to it and they are used to it," said Prangley. "But everyone is very proud of it."

Accordingly, there is little about the building, set in the contiguous towns of 5,000, to indicate its prominence as the only truly international library/opera

house in the world. The flags of neither country are displayed. Customs officers are not posted within the building, nor are the busts or portraits of national leaders set staring at each other.

An unpretentious three-foot high obelisk standing outside the building to mark the border and a curious one-inch-wide black line that divides the library's reading room, the adjoining corridor, and the opera house are all that identify its international character.

A relatively new addition to the old building, the line was painted after a fire started in a hole in the basement wall. Although the Rock Island and Derby Line fire departments extinguished the blaze before much damage occurred, American and Canadian insurance companies, each covering only the part of the building in its own country, called in surveyors to determine on which side the fire began. (It started on the American side.)

Yet, with the exception of the line, the library and opera house remain much as they were when opened in 1904.

A gift to the border communities from the Haskells, a prominent Derby Line family whose name is chiseled in granite over the front door, the grey edifice was deliberately situated on the border with the stipulation that area residents of both nations be forever *free* to use the facilities without encumbrances.

Walking through its interior, one senses a bygone era of horse and buggy and small, close-knit towns. The library is a striking example of Victorian decor and workmanship, complete with high tin ceilings, tiled marble fireplaces, stained glass windows and paneling—each room in a different native wood.

A maple sugar bowl dating from 1841 is displayed in a glass and oak bookcase, and an antique stereoscope and stereographs of Egypt, Greece, Japan and Italy are popular fixtures of the children's room. An 1896 edition of *Walden*, a 1904 collection of the poetry of Walt Whitman and an 1851 copy of *Memoirs of the Mother and Wife of Washington* are but a few of the older titles found among the library's 21,000 books.

The opera house, built as an exact scale model of the Boston Opera House that was destroyed by fire early in the century, is more reminiscent of Old Europe than of northern New England and the Eastern Townships.

A brass chandelier hangs from the frescoed dome, casting a bright glow on the gilded plaster cherubs that circle the balcony and the tin-panelled ceiling. The 20-foot-high proscenium arch is adorned with exquisite plaster floral work highlighted in gold leaf. Reclining nudes and cupids holding a garland of flowers

are depicted in a mural above the 50-foot-wide by 24-foot-deep stage.

Yet, probably the most unique feature of what has been called by Bennett Cerf, "The Unique Little Theatre," is the front stage curtain. As the linen drapery unrolls, a parasoled lady and her young gondolier are shown peacefully proceeding through Venice's Grand Canal, with 15th-century bridges, flower sellers and a steamship in view.

The grease-paint and graffiti-covered walls of the dressing rooms have seen hundreds of speakers and performers from a campaigning William Jennings Bryan to the contemporary Bread and Puppet Theater troupe of Vermont.

As was common in opera houses of the day, the June 7, 1904, grand opening of the Haskell Opera House featured two performances—the 40 voices of "The Celebrated Columbian Minstrels" and the premiere of "The Musical Comedy, 'The Isle of Rock,'" according to an original poster that hangs in the lobby.

Some seven decades later, it nearly won itself a spot in rock-music history. The Beatles seriously considered coming to the opera house, not for its acoustical qualities nor its distinctive European charm, but because it may have been the only place in the world in which they could play together. John Lennon, previously arrested for drug possession, was afraid that if he left the United States he would not be allowed to re-enter. Similarly, due to drug convictions in Great Britain, George Harrison and Paul McCartney were classified as "undesirable aliens" by the U.S. Customs Service. Ringo Starr faced no such restrictions.

Though an ideal setting, fears that the border communities would be overwhelmed by thousands of adoring Beatlemania and hundreds of state and provincial police caused the canceling of the international meeting.

Drug-related prosecutions did close the library for three days in 1976. Two rows of people sat facing each other on opposite sides of the black line that cuts through the opera house. Extradited to the United States earlier, three Canadians faced the key witness against them—a Canadian who was unwilling to go to the United States because of charges leveled against him in that country.

One group came in through the American front door of the library, while the other witness entered through the stage door on the Canadian side.

That stage door has been the passageway to freedom to at least one performer who was a fugitive from justice in the United States. Noticing a sheriff waiting at the back of the opera house to make an arrest, the performer coolly finished his act and then proceeded

out of the clutches of the law through the stage door.

Last winter, the library was the scene of a dramatic criminal proceeding that bordered on the bizarre. U.S. court was trying on smuggling charges a Canadian, who was sitting 15 feet south of Canada waiting for the damning testimony of his cohort, convicted of similar charges in Canada, who was sitting 1 yard north of the United States.

Desks were set up in the library corridor to prevent either defendant or witness from crossing the border. But a way had to be found to usher the witness into the building to testify without breaking the international line. Since the unheated, uninsulated opera house is sealed up from November until May and, since there is no Canadian passage from the opera house to the library, he had to be let in through the bulkhead in the basement, accessible only after three feet of snow was shovelled out.

While the peculiar location of the structure has helped solve a number of such international problems, it has also been the source of a great deal of diplomatic headscratching.

The Second World War threatened free access to the building's facilities. Due to the enactment of U.S.

Guy Cloutier, on the international border



alien-control acts, no one other than soldiers and schoolchildren were allowed to be admitted into the country without a passport. Since the entrance to the opera house is on the American side, the Canadian theatergoer looking for an evening of relaxation had to endure careful checking of papers. Realizing the nuisance to patrons, Washington relented, and officially designated the opera house a "neutral area" for the duration of the war.

Bisecting the opera house, the boundary once posed a taxing problem for revenue-service officials in both nations: which country should receive the proceeds of entertain-

ment taxes? After months of memoranda back and forth between the two governments, it was agreed that, for the purposes of taxes, the Haskell Opera House does not exist.

Yet, it did exist when a special Canadian import permit was required to move the American grand piano from one side of the theater to the other. Then, in 1935, the building needed to purchase a new furnace, which could be bought much more cheaply in the United States. Subsequently, it was discovered that, as one-third of the unit would rest on Canadian soil, a heavy import duty would be charged. But Ottawa was

petitioned and agreed to a special "Order in Council" exempting that portion of the furnace from the tax—the only furnace crossing into Canada from the United States that was ever duty free.

The library has made occasional forays into diplomacy, mediating differences between the two nations. Twelve years ago at the height of the energy crisis, the United States went on daylight savings time to cut fuel consumption, while Quebec and the rest of Canada remained on standard time.

For the library, it created havoc. The patron would enter the door at one time and travel 30 feet to the circulation desk in Canada to discover, upon looking up at the clock, that it was an hour earlier than the time of arrival there. In a decision that would have made Solomon proud, the library compromised and established its own international system: the Rock Island clock would be a half hour ahead of Canadian time and a half hour behind American time.

Censorship laws of both countries have also had to be faced. When James Joyce's *Ulysses* was banned in the United States, library officials weren't terribly concerned. While the door leading into the library is in the United States, all of the books are in Canada.

Yet, inches from the United States in the corridor's glass display case, there is a large cloth-bound volume, **Between Friends—Entre Amis**, a book chronicling the lives of Americans and Canadians who inhabit the area along the 4,000-mile border separating the two countries.

In many ways, the Haskell Free Library and Opera House symbolizes what that book is about—an area shared between peoples, where national divisions and distinctions mean very little. §

Mark Lombard is a free-lance writer in Burlington, Vermont. The photographer was Mary Carty of Colchester, Vermont.

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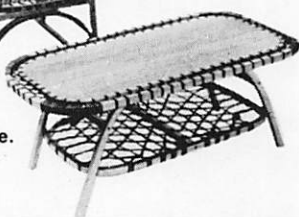


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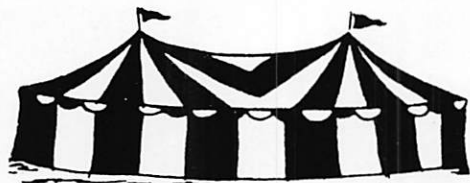
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Inside the Haskell Opera House





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 or looked on them in Art.
 "New England Springs" have brought
 me joy, and many a happy hour,
 'Mid sun's bright, golden meadows, and
 green-leaf, shadowed, bower.
 Of butter-cups I've drunk my fill,
 brushed daisy-petals from my hair,
 Breathed deep of lilac's sweetest scent,
 and thought my world so very fair!
 Now, I'm content with what I've seen
 and all that I have known,
 There could not be a lovelier place
 than "My New England Home!"

*Dorothy M. Cram
 Cape Elizabeth, Maine*

SMALL TOWN LIBRARY

The mood changed weekend by weekend
 as the children came and went.
 Small, cozy gatherings formed
 at the back table,
 and young voices rose and fell
 in warm confidences
 as bottles of pop and edibles
 were consumed.

But in March it began.
 The rising noise;
 teasing and tears,
 and finally hurt feelings
 as they were told to leave.

Then, as April softly entered,
 a new spirit was felt;
 and the clean, fresh smell
 of outdoors came with them
 as they rushed in and out;
 stopping for a breather
 at old home base.

SPRING BALLET

Following the moving disc;
 they skim as skaters
 over the broad, brown field;
 Snowy seagulls,
 moving quickly,
 seeking earth's uplifted yield;
 Spring's bright ballet
 in chocolate brown and white.

*Lola Neff Merritt
 Nineveh, NY*

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It was Saturday, and April, and the air had softened at last. Beth opened the kitchen window to clean the house of musty radiator smells. Blackbirds sang in the reddening branches of the apple tree, white trails of airplanes sliced a blue sky, and Beth felt the old pain...the anger and fear that came with it...and wondered why the best weather brought out her worst mood.

Emma toddled barefoot into the kitchen. She had learned how to take off her shoes and socks, but had no interest in learning how to put them on. Emma looked up at her mother, putting a finger in her mouth and smiling.

"Put your socks and shoes on," Beth said.

"No!" Emma's face turned dark, her eyebrows pulled down. Beth recognized the expression with a shock: Tom. Exactly.

"Yes!" Beth chased Emma into the living room, picking up toys as she went. She heard Tom's razor through the bathroom door. Last night, she had broken down and cried. Tom had curled behind her, holding her, until they fell asleep fitting like spoons. This morning, he would be tender and friendly. Why, after four months, today of all days, was she upset about Mary Kay all over again?

She sat Emma on the sofa and rolled on her socks. When Tom had moved back in with them, Emma squealed "Daddy!" Her face suddenly daffodils, she raised her hands for him to pick her up. Beth envied her daughter's easy acceptance. Emma thought in terms of Daddy Here or Daddy Gone...it didn't matter where or why. She buckled Emma's shoes and set her down.

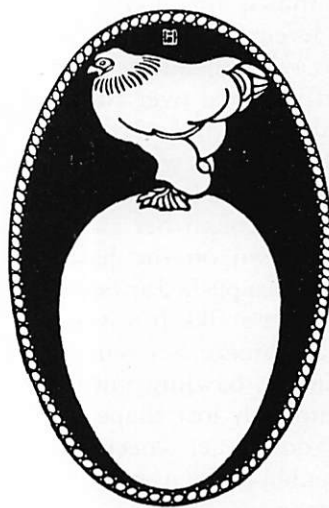
Somewhere, subconsciously, Beth had known Tom was seeing another woman, but she never suspected Mary Kay. Beth felt lucky to get a college student for a babysitter. Mary Kay wore her plain brown hair in a rubber band and nervously chewed the cuticles of her fingernails. She brought a heavy stack of anthropology textbooks with her; she never drank or had boyfriends over or fell asleep on the sofa. She gave Emma a replica of an Aztec drum, which became a favorite toy. When Beth found out about the affair, she threw the drum in the trash and Emma screamed for hours until she retrieved it. When she heard Emma play the drum, Beth thought *she* would scream for hours. If Tom had to cheat on her, why not with someone she didn't know or like: a magazine cover beauty, a genius, a millionairess...a woman she couldn't compare herself to. But he chose plain, friendly Mary Kay and he himself couldn't say why.

Beth hurried back to the kitchen as the timer buzzed. She pulled blueberry muffins out of the oven. She planned a nice breakfast for this morning: muffins, orange wedges, thinly sliced ham. She set the table with blue and white china, unwrapped a new cube of butter, opened a mason jar of peach marmalade. Now, thinking about Mary Kay, she didn't want to eat. She tapped a hard boiled egg on the counter and peeled off the purple shell. Some dye had seeped through, staining the egg white like a bruise. Easter was last week and Emma, for once

A little hope
in a hopeless place

A PATCH OF WINTER

Fiction
by Sara Backer



obliging, developed a craving for hard boiled eggs. Easter: time to celebrate new life. Why couldn't she forget the past and press on? She handed her daughter the egg.

Tom came up behind her, whispering. As he put his hands on her waist and kissed the back of her neck, she stiffened. "What's wrong, sweetie?"

"Did you call Mary Kay sweetie, too?" Beth bit her tongue, instantly regretting her words.

Tom sighed. "How long do you have to rub it in?"

"I'm sorry," Beth said. "I don't know what got into me. I don't *want* to be nasty to you. Look, why don't you have breakfast...it's all ready...and watch Emma while I take a walk. I'd rather not be around you when I'm in a bad mood."

Tom's face was as obvious as Emma's; disappointment changed his eyes from green to grey, his smile sagged, even his freckles seemed to droop. "Sure, if that's what you want."

Beth jerked her arms through a sweater.

"Me, too!" Emma said.

"No, you stay with Daddy."

"Daddy, too!" Emma said.

Beth slammed the door. Their street bordered a large farm and turned into a dirt road to the water tower. Beth climbed over the gate and headed up the hill. Her throat was tense but her eyes were dry. She stopped and sat on a large rock. The sun scorched through her sweater. She looked down on the pasture, where green grass pushed up between last year's white stalks. It was quiet; only birds and breeze. She wanted to cry like Emma, bawling until her mouth completely lost shape, tears streaming down her cheeks, and now she couldn't. What was wrong with her, anyway?

Beth thought she'd been through it all. The shock of finding out. The awful month of separation, feeling

hurt, lonely and betrayed. Then wounded pride changed her feelings to anger and disgust. The numb period of rational thinking which revealed endless possibilities and no answers why it happened and what she would do now. Then the call from Tom asking if he could come back.

In January, they were cautious and formal. They avoided bumping each other in the hallway. In February, they argued late into the night. They slept on the outer edges of their bed, furious. They exchanged gripes that went back to their first date. They wrote lists. They made promises they broke the next day. By March, worn out from fighting, some arguments lapsed into jokes. Some nights passed peacefully. Some nights they held each other: familiar and strange at the same time. Only last night was love in their lives again.

Beth slipped off the rock and started walking, this time off the path through the woods. In summer, it was thick with blueberry bushes, poison ivy, wood lilies and birch trees. But in April the only green was from pine trees, and their needles seemed grey and old. Beth stopped. There, under a hemlock tree, was a patch of snow, muddy, spiked with tiny cones and twigs. Snow in April. So startling, to come across a sign of winter on a mild day. Beth realized she was cold; her lungs were chilly and her fingers stiff. She walked faster.

Beth smelled coffee when she entered the house, and hoped some was left. She pulled off her sweater. "You know that spot by the hemlocks where we picnic sometimes?"

Tom was playing with Emma on the floor. "Yeah."

"There's still snow there!"

Tom looked puzzled. "Well, sure. The ground's still cold. It's been a hard winter."

Suddenly, Beth laughed. Emma started laughing, too.

Tom asked, "What's funny?"

"I forgot it takes time to thaw. I felt the sunshine and wanted everything at once: leaves, flowers, berries, the works. NOW."

Then Tom laughed. "You'll get it, I promise. Wait and see. A few more weeks will make a big difference." He stood up. "All I want is breakfast. Are you hungry?"

"Haven't you eaten?" Beth asked.

"No," Tom said. "I've been waiting for you."

The muffins were piled high on a plate and the coffee pot was full. §

Sara Backer lives in San Luis Obispo, California.



I BELIEVE IN YOU

When your castles are crumbling
And you feel like you're stumbling
And the world is gray and blue
Remember, dear, I believe in you.

When your boat is rocking
And you can't see the light
And you can't find the shore
I'm on your side forevermore.

Remember in the dark of night
That I'm not far from you
Whatever you struggle to do
Just believe, I have confidence in you.

I know it's difficult to win
To build strong castles again
With worn tools and callous hand
But you can do it, I believe you can.

*Louise Warren
Indian Orchard, Mass.*

Throughout New England, there are places where odd events and strange circumstances have led superstitious people to look for the supernatural. Most old places up here are said to have their ghosts. At Eaton, New Hampshire, there is Peddler's End—a place that convinces even the skeptics of its eeriness.



THE GHOSTS OF PEDDLER'S END

by Cathy Gorvine. Photos by George Gorvine

Two sunken graves lie side by side in the dooryard. On the knoll beside the house there was once a small graveyard, but the tombstones were removed years ago and the graves, undisturbed, have been covered over and lost to sight. A pile of rocks halfway up the mountain behind the house may mark the tomb of a woman doomed by the house's fatal history. These *memento mori*, visible and hidden, hint at the unsettling atmosphere of a place called Peddler's End. There is something uncanny about this place—something more than may be attributed to the presence of old bones in old soil.

Peddler's End lies at the end of a sparsely populated road in Eaton, New Hampshire. The road is narrow, bordered by stone walls and dense woods. Cellar holes indicate that the surrounding area was not always the lonely landscape that it is today. Dark woods cover land that was once cleared for farming and grazing. There is no trace of the inhabitants of the original town of Eaton—only the house called Peddler's End.

An oral history about Peddler's End has evolved over the years—one that incorporates a multitude of facts, experiences, images and points of view. There are several stories about the events that gave the house its curious name.

"The way I heard it," says Chester Russell, whose grandfather owned Peddler's End for many years, "the reason it's called Peddler's End is it used to be a sort of stopover for this dry goods salesman, peddler sort of. It was a big farmhouse then, around 1825 or so. What the peddler used to do, is he used to stop there on his route

from here down into Maine and whatever.

"And he would spend the night there and continue down to the next place the next day. I'm not quite sure how often he came around—probably every couple of months or so—and his customers would pick up pots and pans, needles and thread, cloth, things like that.

"The story I heard was that the peddler started getting affectionate with the (farmhouse) owner's wife... This was just horse and buggy days.

"Supposedly the peddler left and he never showed up at the next place. By the time everybody else got up, the owner's wife was also gone. So everybody sort of assumed she ran off with the peddler.

"About a week later they found the peddler on one of the side roads going away from the house. He was dead, still sitting in the buggy. They weren't sure how he died. Poison was suspected. And for some reason the horse was dead also (but all that was left of the horse was a skeleton). The body of the owner's wife was never found.

"My grandfather (who was born fifty or so years after this happened) was under the assumption that the owner, when he found out his wife had run off with the peddler, kind of went nuts. It stands to reason because he committed suicide a few months later.

"My grandfather said he knew where the wife was buried, but he wasn't going to dig it up and look for her. I've got an idea too, but I'm not going to dig it up and look for her either."

Chester's story is accented by gentle, knowing laughter. He points out a spot on the mountain behind Peddler's End marked by a large pile of rocks. "Usually", Chester continues, "they'd have a pile of rocks like that if they were clearing a field—as they cleared, they'd throw all the rocks off to the side in a pile. Now

there's no reason to be clearing the side of the mountain up there, and there's a huge pile of rocks up there." Chester reasons that the rocks were moved to that spot for a purpose; he believes that the long-dead peddler's paramour is buried there.

Mainers Margaret Bressette Winship and her sisters and their families, whose lives have been affected by Peddler's End since the 1950's, believe that a cannibalistic couple lived in the house during the early 19th century. Margaret isn't sure how many peddlers met their ends at the hands of the couple.

The current owner of Peddler's End tells a different tale in which greed, rather than lust or hunger, is the motivating factor in the peddler's death. The couple, in this version, murdered a peddler in order to obtain his goods and hid the peddler's body.

Perhaps none of these accounts of the peddler's end is historically accurate, but each story bears a poetic truth if not a factual one.



The house's past is only one small part of the impact that Peddler's End has had on those people who have come in contact with the place. Jessie Bressette Grandmaison, Margaret Winship's sister, was the first member of her family to stay at Peddler's End and to discover the house's mysteries. Jessie, looking for a place to live, found the house with the help of a friend, a woodcutter. Neither Jessie nor the woodcutter knew anything about the house's past or its rumored peculiarities when they moved in on a Halloween evening in the early 1950's. For Jessie, the house's distinguishing feature was that "the place was way back in the country. Way back."

Jessie and the woodcutter heard unexplained noises in the house, but they paid no attention to them. One night, something happened that they couldn't ignore or explain: The door latch began to move, up and down, back and forth, repeatedly—as though someone were on the other side. The woodcutter leaped up, grabbed his gun, and fired several shots through the door. There was no one on the other side. "Not a thing there," Jessie remembers. "That was the end of that."

But it wasn't the end of the disturbances. Unexplained incidents began to occur persistently. The noises continued; something thumped at the back door; walls knocked and doors shook without cause.

No member of Jessie's family was immune from the influence of Peddler's End. One of Jessie's children woke in the night screaming, begging that Jessie remove the cat from her bed. There was no cat in the house, and a search revealed no other animal that might have bothered the child.

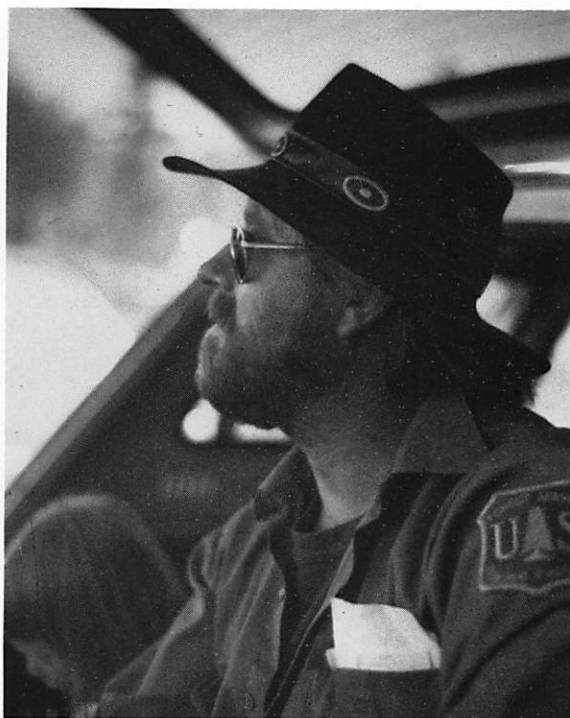
Jessie's mother made the trip to Peddler's End once and once only. "This night," Jessie remembers, "something lay right across Mother. Mother said she tried to wiggle and

everything, but it stayed right there for awhile and then she could feel it sliding off." As was the case with the phantom cat, a search of the house disclosed nothing that could account for the incident.

On a winter evening, in the dead of night, a night when the wind blew and the snow fell, Jessie had an experience of a different kind. "I could hear a woman screaming, 'Oh, father!' That's all I could hear, just, 'Oh, father!'"

Jessie hasn't been to Peddler's End in many years, but she still thinks about the place and the things that happened there. "You never forget about the place once you've been there. I mean, it's not the idea of the house—the house is nothing. It's just the idea of..." Jessie's voice trails off as she searches for words. She hesitates and continues. "It's pretty scary sometimes."

Jessie's sister, Margaret Winship, didn't believe in spirits before she stayed at Peddler's End. (People who know the house well do not call it "haunted"; they do not speak of "ghosts." These are stale words that do not do justice to Peddler's End.) Margaret first made the trip to Eaton to disprove the stories that she'd heard about the house. She initially felt that the house was a pleasant place. She felt enticed by the daylight world of Peddler's End; it was beautiful, tranquil, homey. "The birds were making such a noise outside," Margaret remembers. "They were chirping away and the frogs were peeping. And it was, oh, so beautiful listening to the sound way out there in the wilderness." But the initial impression of well-being changed at dusk. "The minute it got dark there wasn't a peep for nothing. No frogs. No crickets. Nothing. It was just like a dome had been put down over that house." (Chester Russell corroborates Margaret's description of the silence that descends after dark: "It's like dead in there," he



Chester Russell possesses a certain amount of healthy skepticism, and he is quick to point out that not all the phenomena at Peddler's End are unexplainable.

"There are a lot of things up there if you didn't think about them would kind of make you nervous," Chester says. "There used to be a shelf over the fireplace there and things used to fall off. I think it was just mice."

says.) Down the road, away from the house, the chorus of crickets and frogs and birds continues without interruption.

Margaret's first two visits to Peddler's End gave her no reason to fear the house, and her third and final visit began light-heartedly: "We'd been telling ghost stories on the way," Margaret says, "and talking about different haunted houses. None of us believed in it." Margaret's first sense of foreboding was the feeling that someone walked behind her as she moved about the house. "Every time I took a step, I could hear something behind me. I kept thinking it was my imagination." Margaret had a feeling of being watched, but she paid scant attention as she prepared

dinner.

Margaret placed her husband's dinner, a hot dog, on the corner of the table; when her husband came to the table, seconds later, the hot dog was gone. They searched everywhere for the hot dog; it had disappeared without leaving a crumb behind.

Margaret and her companions were unnerved by this experience and overwhelmed by a feeling that they shouldn't be at Peddler's End. "We sat there a few minutes," Margaret remembers, "and everyone, I guess, got the feeling at the same time: GET OUT. It had taken us twenty minutes to unload the car and three minutes to load up again."

Margaret hasn't returned to the house since that October night, but



A minister was summoned to bless Margaret's house and to exorcise the presence that was lodged there. The minister, Margaret, Margaret's niece and her husband joined hands in the upstairs hallway where the presence seemed strongest, and the minister asked the demons, if present, to leave the house . . .

The minister instructed Margaret to return the Peddler's End sign to its proper place in New Hampshire. The sign was returned and the disturbances at Margaret's house ended.

Peddler's End continued to influence her life for the next seven years. Margaret's mysterious link with Peddler's End apparently formed when her niece, who, after the night the hot dog disappeared, wanted to rid herself totally of the house's influence, passed on to Margaret the Peddler's End sign that a nephew had taken home some time before. And so the sign found its way into a bureau drawer in Margaret's house in Freeport, Maine. "That's when all hell broke loose in my house," Margaret says.

The entity that seemed to enter Margaret's house with the Peddler's End sign was of a malevolent and trouble-making variety. Margaret first sensed it as a presence standing

beside her bed watching her. The presence made itself known first in subtle ways; eventually it became a full-blown poltergeist.

"One night," Margaret remembers, "I had gone to bed and the blankets started pulling off me. I tried to pull the blankets back and I couldn't figure out what it was. I didn't have a cat; all I had was my dog on the bed with me. The dog was growling and came up and crouched by my shoulder and practically sat on top of me. The blankets jerked right off me." Margaret fled from the room and ran downstairs. "Whatever it was, I could feel it standing at the top of the stairs, next to the bureau where the Peddler's End sign was kept." Looking back from downstairs, Margaret

could see a pair of glowing eyes at the top of the stairs, not at a man's height, but lower, looking down at her. Margaret felt that their gaze was penetrating right through her in a way that she can't explain. It was, Margaret felt, a distinctly evil presence.

One of Margaret's nephews inspected the house thoroughly to make certain that no person or animal had gotten in. Margaret knew that he would not find any such evidence. "I told him," Margaret says, "it's not something alive, it's something else."

Disturbances continued in Margaret's house for seven years, stopping periodically for a few days at a time, then beginning again. An incident finally occurred that frightened Margaret so greatly that she could no longer bear the situation. "I've got an oak bed in my bedroom that you can hardly budge, let alone lift up," Margaret says. "And that bed just came right up off the floor with me and the dog on it."

Margaret had finally had enough and asked her sister Barbara to stay with her. Barbara heard a voice that night in Margaret's house in Freeport, a man's voice, soft and low. "Of course it scared me," Barbara remembers, "and I covered my ears."

Although Barbara couldn't hear what the voice was saying, she believes that it was a forewarning of death. Perhaps it was. The next morning, Margaret was driving uncharacteristically slowly while she and Barbara discussed the disturbances at her house. The tie-rod end on the car broke and Margaret nearly ran the car into on-coming traffic. If Margaret had been driving at her usual speed, they might have been killed.

A minister was summoned to bless Margaret's house and to exorcise the presence that was lodged there. The minister, Margaret, Margaret's niece and her husband joined hands in the

upstairs hallway where the presence seemed strongest, and the minister asked the demons, if present, to leave the house.

The women felt calm during the ceremony, hopeful that the seven years of strange experiences had ended. The men had a different experience, however. Margaret says, "The minister said, 'You didn't feel it?' He said it was like something going right straight through his body. Ice cold. Whatever it was, it was evil." The minister instructed Margaret to return the Peddler's End sign to its proper place in New Hampshire. The sign was returned and the disturbances at Margaret's house ended.

Jessie, Barbara and Margaret admit to being peculiarly susceptible to supernatural influences. Jessie explains, and Margaret echoes her words, "The trouble with us, we're a superstitious family. Right from the beginning. Our father had seen ghosts and everything, and taught us. I think that's why this stuff comes to us." Indeed, their father is said to haunt their childhood home in Bridgton, Maine, and has reappeared years after his death. His daughters have held seances of a sort during which the kitchen table has bounced up and down of its own accord.

But a propensity for the supernatural is not a prerequisite for experiencing strange happenings at Peddler's End. Chester Russell, who works for the U.S. Forestry Service, appears to be down-to-earth and reasonable. Chester has known Peddler's End since childhood, and he has a lifetime of stories to tell about the place.

Chester possesses a certain amount of healthy skepticism, and he is quick to point out that not all the phenomena at Peddler's End are unexplainable.

"There are a lot of things up there if you didn't think about them would kind of make you nervous," Chester

says. "There used to be a shelf over the fireplace there and things used to fall off the shelves. I think it was just mice. I've heard sounds—they could be attributed to small animals, mice or squirrels or whatever." But Chester's gentle laughter implies that logic cannot answer all the questions about Peddler's End.

"Windows rattle," Chester admits. "Doors rattle. And there's no wind. No wind. There's an eerie feeling about the place. You have feelings. You always have a feeling of some presence there besides you."

Chester remembers a moon-lit winter night, a night with a good crust on the snow, when he and

Margaret Winship has mixed feelings about Peddler's End, and her ambivalence mirrors the conflicting messages that the house sends out—evil and benevolent, inviting and forbidding.

some friends ("a guy and a girl") went sliding on the little hill across from the house. "All of a sudden," Chester says, "the girl looked down toward the house and said, 'Who's that?' I said, 'I don't see anybody.' She said, 'I could swear I saw a woman down there in an old-fashioned dress standing outside the door watching us.' We went down to the house and there was a light dusting of snow there, where it had blown in, and there were no tracks. No tracks."

Margaret Winship's niece, Gloria, encountered the woman in the long dress on another cold winter night. Gloria and her husband had taken a walk across the field beside the house; they lost their sense of direction, and couldn't find their way back again. "Gloria spotted a woman out in the field," Margaret says. "Gloria hollered to her because they didn't know where they were and they were freezing. Gloria and her husband tried to call to the woman when

they spotted the house. The woman disappeared; they never saw the woman again. Gloria said the woman couldn't have walked in the outfit she had on. I guess it was some kind of a dress or something." Margaret is certain that if the woman had not appeared, Gloria and her husband would have frozen to death.

Peddler's End, whatever presence it may harbor, whatever power it may possess, is able at the very least to change even the most obstinate disbeliever's mind about the existence of the supernatural.

Chester Russell has seen many people's minds changed by their experiences at Peddler's End. "I know a lot of people who've stayed up there who say, 'Oh, I don't believe in ghosts.' But...but there's an eerie feeling about the place.

"When my grandfather owned all the blueberry fields, he had a group of people from Berlin who, rather than commute down here every day to pick blueberries, decided that they wanted to stay there. It was, I believe, two guys and two girls. My grandfather jokingly told them, 'This place is haunted, so you better watch out.' 'Oh, we don't believe in ghosts,' they said. 'No such thing. Don't have to worry about it.'

"They spent one night there and decided they didn't want to spend any more nights up there. My grandfather said, 'What's the matter? You see a ghost?' 'No, no. We didn't see a ghost. We just don't want to spend any more time up there.' " This has been the prevalent reaction: many people who don't believe in the supernatural have spent one night at Peddler's End and haven't wanted to spend another—and they are reluctant to give any explanation why they refuse to do so.

Margaret Winship has mixed feelings about Peddler's End, and her ambivalence mirrors the conflicting messages that the house sends out—evil and benevolent, inviting and

THAW

Listen

To April sun

Crinkle country snowbank,
Yank at clapboard nails, fire sap in
Old limbs.

Mournful

Stretch and moan,
Stiff wood wracks fresh breeze,
Crackling-snap, snow thwumps to
ground,
Wood sounds.

Echoes

Re-echoing,
Mad bubbles cascading,
Splash gladly to flat, sad land
Down there.

Stumbly

Sheep grumple up,
Tear frosty coats apart,
Shake wonderously, try prancing
Once more.

Restless

Farmers ponder
Omens in the new air,
Consider closed fields, tote roads,
And wait.

Children

now play farther
Away from the house and
Delight to wild birds' spring song,
Eager.

Old folks

Cold bones warming,
Evoke, thank various gods,
Listen hard, then begin again to
Worry,

And I,

Now two-thirds home,
Hear from the deeper wood
New, but somehow familiar,
Songs.

unsigned

to the house. On the other hand, she feels something drawing her back. "I've had feelings," Margaret says, "times that I've sat at home and I had to go up to that house, just like something was calling me to come back. I'd go up there during the day—I wouldn't say I wouldn't go up there through the day. But if I was ever to spend the night, I'd spend it right down there in the blueberry

fields, I don't care if there were five hundred bears down there and they were all circling me. I would sooner sleep down in that field and take the consequences as go up to that house."

Cathy Gorvine is the manager of Fare Share Market, a co-op store in Norway, Maine. Her husband George is a videotape artist as well as photographer at Daniels Studio.



TO BE READ ON GREY APRIL MORNINGS

Gentle is the rain
and soft.
Tender drops
shimmer on emerging green.
Fir branches
zephyr-kissed
quiver.

*D. S. Bradish
University of Maine
Orono, ME*

Folk Tales

Robert Holland Whittler

by K. A. Andersen

When Robert Holland retired after 30 years as a school principal, he was asked what he would do.

"Whittle," he said.

Friends raised their eyebrows and changed the subject. After all, a man as active as Holland wouldn't be sitting around just whittling. Or would he?

"I've always been interested in Colonial history," says Holland. "That interest led me to the study of stage coaches, tavern signs and whittling wooden toys."

But signs drew the most interest and eventually proved to be the most lucrative. "I made some signs for myself and discovered I wasn't alone," he says. "I talked to groups about signs and began to sell a few."

One thing about Holland's signs that makes them intriguing is their appearance. After a sign is made, he antiques it. In a few minutes it looks 200 years old—Colonial—which Holland had in mind in the first place.

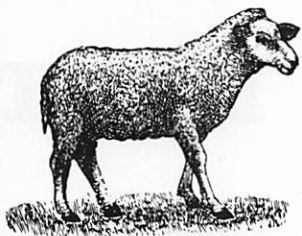
"I've done signs for the Early American Inns, whose president is an alumnus of Dartmouth College as well as a trustee. The whole atmosphere up there is Colonial. So I did a series of signs for the Hanover Inn at Dartmouth," Holland recalls.

"I also did a series of signs for the descendants of General Nathanael Greene. General Greene is regarded by many historians as second only to Washington as a military leader."

Holland developed a logo for the then-fledgling Friendly Ice Cream Co. Friendly has been taken over by the Hershey Co., and has expanded to over 300 restaurants today—still with a colonial theme although not the same logo. He also did a series of signs for a local hotel. Some of the signs were stolen and Holland had to make them over.



Robert Holland, carver of wooden signs



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"Somebody liked my work," he says.

Holland's latest effort is making house signs—both exterior and interior. "I work in the colors of the house or the room. I make a motif of a sign before completing it. It makes an unusual gift for someone just married or a couple moving into a new home."

The signs were a nice sideline while his children were growing up but Holland didn't want to go into mass production.

"I'd come home to six children, when I had been working all day with children, and didn't want to start painting a half-dozen pairs of hands...and the next day letter a half-dozen signs. This kind of art work becomes tedious after a while. I get enthused with a new work and then, when I've finished, I have no interest to do it again. I suppose the Friendly signs could have been silk screened but I wanted to do them by hand.

"I've never had a problem with retirement. I don't advertise but the work seems to come in anyhow. I don't work on any schedule—just work when I want to. If I get an order for three or four signs—a shop for example—I don't enjoy it as much as a single order."

Holland mixes history with painting and with retirement, and that seems to suit him fine. §

K. A. Andersen lives in East Longmeadow, Mass.

Coming In May BitterSweet . . .



Marine Artist Earle Barlow

East Boothbay



Writer Mary Calvert

Maine Lighthouses, Mother's Day Writings, Spring Flowers,
Remembering Rufus Small of Hiram, Maine - and Much More!

Gertrude Ballam of North Conway Never Say "I Can't"

by Lauren MacArthur

"I never did take (art) lessons in my life. But I've always painted. I've gone out on rocks (at the seashore), done as I darned pleased—brought it home and put it in a frame."

Those few words epitomize the philosophy of life by which eighty-year-old Gertrude McDermott Ballam lives.

Ther North Conway woman was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1904. Her early years were rough; her father left before she was old enough to remember him. The Chelsea fire of 1908 burned Gertrude and her mother out of their home. They simply picked themselves up, walked across the bridge to East Boston, and started over again.

Her young mother had spunk—a quality Gertrude would claim all of her life. Gertrude's mother supported them with her talents as a dressmaker and milliner, and as an entrepreneur—she owned an ice cream parlor.

"My mother and her family were happy and laughing all the time," says Gertrude. "They (including her mother) performed with the Keith Vaudeville Circuit." They were jugglers and the like.

"And there was always time to talk. If I, or anyone had a question, everything was pushed aside and we sat down and talked. I always felt wanted," Gertrude recalls.

This happy time was not destined to last, however. When Gertrude was seven years old, her mother became ill and required hospitalization. She seemed to recover well, but when Gertrude and her uncle went to bring her mother home, they were told that she had died just fifteen minutes before.

Over the next few years, Gertrude lived with an uncle and the woman he had married, who had three children of her own. "She beat me every day," says Gertrude. "I never knew why."

Then, when she was eleven, a boy at school tapped her on the head with his book. Within a few minutes, Gertrude was totally blind. Doctors were baffled. The aunt, deciding Gertrude could no longer do schoolwork, kept her at home to do housework. Five weeks later, as mysteriously as it had descended, the blindness lifted. However, Gertrude had been beaten so badly, she decided to leave.

While she was sneaking out of the house one morning, early, she was overheard by her uncle. He asked her why she wanted to go. She told him she just couldn't take the beatings any more. He took her to an aunt of his, with instructions to tell the aunt that he had sent her. "Aunt Mame" welcomed her and Gertrude lived there until she married.



"If you told her she couldn't do something...she did it yesterday!"

The young girl never did go back to school. At the age of thirteen, she was working in a Chelsea factory, running an offset press for seven dollars a week.

A man doing the same work she was left the factory because he felt his salary wasn't high enough. His work was added to Gertrude's. Gertrude learned that he had been making \$85 a week, and, after three weeks of double duty at seven dollars, she rebelled—she asked for a raise. Not only did they give her a raise, but they hired the man back and also gave him a raise. Gertrude's



"If you're afraid, there are several others out in the waiting room who want to (do the job)."

Gertrude sprang to her feet, pointed her finger at him, and said, "Give me two weeks. If I fail, I'm out. If I make it, I want my name in print on the company's dotted line."

The man laughed, saying, "That happened the minute you took that seat across from me."

She was off on a career that for the next twenty-eight years had her travelling over the entire United States, including Alaska, and Canada. Gertrude Ballam was the only woman doing what she did—troubleshooting and keeping companies informed of her firm's capabilities to serve them.

She'd find out a particular problem, come up with an idea to solve it, and even design the equipment to do the job, if necessary. "I'd go in there and thread pipe with a plumber," she laughs, explaining she did whatever was needed to improve her company's product line.

Often she was the only woman at board meetings attended by representatives from companies such as Kraft and Lever Brothers. At one of those meetings, a member questioned her right to be there.

"Listen here," said another. "If you told her she couldn't do something...she did it yesterday!" Another person added, "Yes, and she'd sell you the Brooklyn Bridge at eleven a.m." "And again at three p.m.," countered still another. No one ever questioned her position again.

In 1950, United Airlines sent a man to intercept her in Chicago. His mission was to find out what a woman was doing in the air as much as she was. And he presented her with her first 100,000-mile recognition certificate. Over the years, Gertrude Ballam would do that 100,000 miles sixteen times more.

magnificent pay? *Twelve* dollars a week. They were *not* equal opportunity employers.

The explanation of the administration was that he had a family to support. And, after all, Gertrude was only a child.

But the child was a good learner. Gertrude moved from job to job, always doing a little bit better for herself. During this time, she married, had two sons, and saw her marriage dissolve after five years.

But it was onward and upward for Gertrude. While working in Watertown, Massachusetts, she was spotted by a young woman representing dry-cleaning laundry and textile machinery. Bethel Fox had only observed Gertrude in a coffee shop over a period of time, but she decided this was a woman who wanted to get somewhere.

Fox submitted Gertrude's name to the decision-makers, and she was summoned for an interview. At the time, Gertrude had no idea how these people even knew about her. When she asked the man sitting behind the desk why he thought she had the ability to do the job, he said,

Twenty-two years ago, Gertrude remarried. John Ballam was a friend whom she hadn't seen in over thirty years. They retired together at North Conway, a place Gertrude visited and loved for many years.

Retirement has not slowed Gertrude down one bit. Still a handsome woman, with distinctive snow-white hair piled high on her head, she has eyes that sparkle as she laughs about the various jobs and activities she participates in at Gibson Senior Center in North Conway.

"Yes, I had rough times," she acknowledges, but the important thing to remember is—it didn't destroy me."

On the contrary, the early love and strength she received from her mother and family, coupled with her own grit and determination, has developed and sustained a successful, meaningful life.

Gertrude Ballam still does pretty much as she darn pleases. And no one—ever—tells her she can't do something! §

Lauren MacArthur lives in Oxford.

NEW ENGLAND STEEPLES

New England churches sharply trimmed,
Clapboards white, shutters black.

Each meetinghouse all groomed and
clean

While windswept steeples rot for lack
Of brush and paint and steeplejack.

Those steeples reaching out to God—
Lonely, cold, thinly dressed,
Are like the outcasts Jesus met—
Exposed to winds of wordly stress.
'Twas those he sought to love and bless.

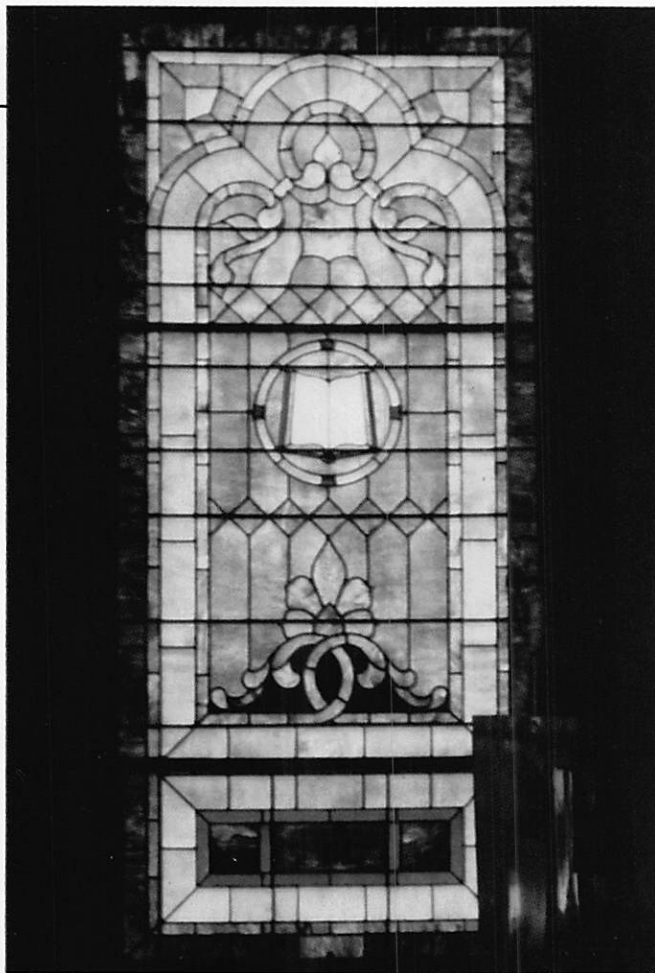
He looked beyond our clapboard fronts,
Dress-up clothes stretched and pressed;
He saw the "steeples" of our world,
The wind-whipped beggars poorly
dressed,

And said: God's nearest those distressed.

*Rev. Steve Burt
White River Jct., VT*



April Clouds - Georgia Robertson Photo



STETSON UNION

Stetson, Maine

Built in 1843 by Ralph Evelyth, a master builder residing in Bangor, the Stetson Union Church displays the workmanship and quality that only a master can bring to his trade. The high ceilings, embossed tin wall and ceiling coverings, post and beam-mortise and tenon construction...all combine to make a fitting memorial to Stetson's generous benefactor, as well as a structure conducive to worship.

"You have assembled, my brethren, for the purpose of consecrating to Almighty God, these recent walls, the gift of private munificence to your community." Thus are the opening remarks of a message delivered by Frederic H. Hedge on February 22, 1844, entitled "Christianity Confined to no Sect." The sermon goes on to declare that although Christianity envelopes many denominations, it is necessary to lay aside doctrinal differences and unite as one—"the body of Christ." Pro-

Even to the casual observer, it is obvious that the Stetson Union Church is indeed a superlative example of master craftsmanship. From the structure itself to the magnificent stained glass windows and furnishings, the pride of our forefathers is exhibited in every corner of the building.

The Meeting House, as it was originally called, was a gift from the town's third proprietor, Major Amasa Stetson. Born in Randolph, Massachusetts, a man of humble beginnings, Mr. Stetson learned the shoemaker's trade. Frugal with his earnings, he became involved in land speculation. Township number three, third range north of the Waldo Patent (incorporated under the name of Stetson in 1831) was one of his purchases.

CHURCH

by Janet Akerson

moting unity, the church was open to all faiths.

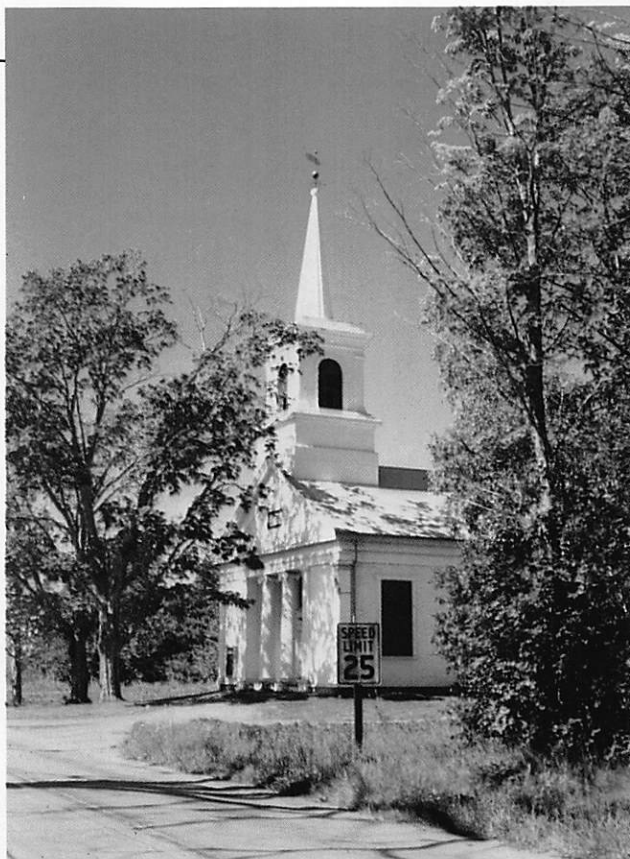
A white marble plaque was placed over the portico entrance to the building. It reads:

Erected by the Munificence of the
Honorable Amasa Stetson of
Dorchester, Mass.
A. D. 1843

Later that same year, the town records show that a committee, comprised of Rev. J. L. Tuttle; the town's physician, Dr. Calvin Seavey; and L. Barker, attorney, was elected to draft the following resolutions, expressing the appreciation of the residents of Stetson, Maine.

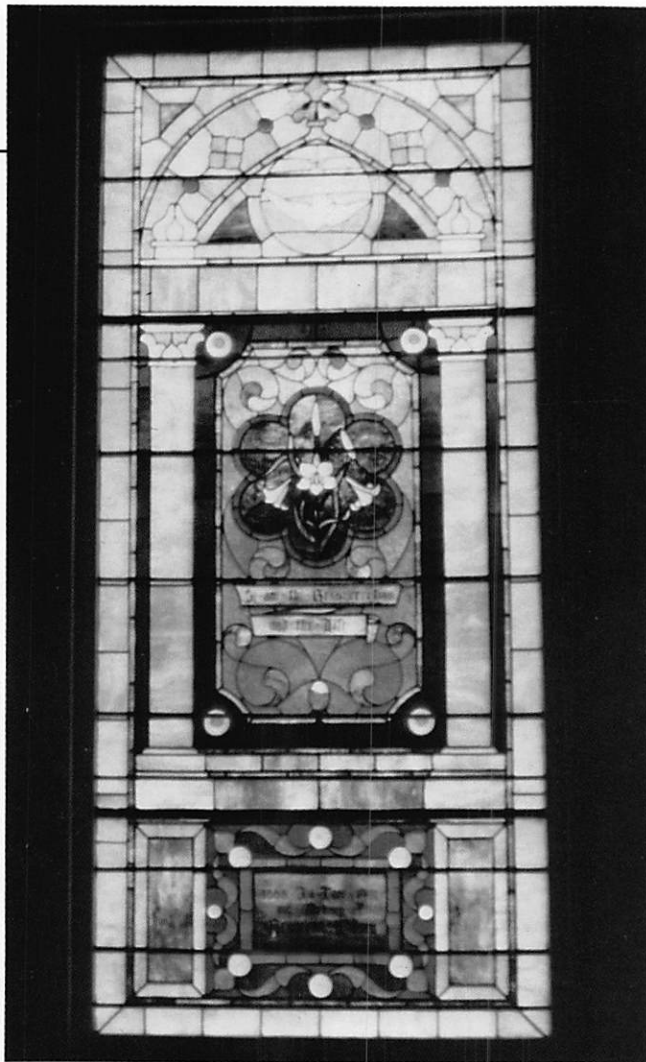
Whereas, the Hon. Amasa Stetson of Dorchester, Mass. has erected and presented for the use of the inhabitants of this town, a beautiful edifice, situated in this village, and feeling anxious to express our gratitude for this act of benevolence, therefore,

Resolved that a vote expressive of



our hearty thanks to him for his liberality be passed at this our first annual meeting after the dedication of the above named edifice, and that the Clerk be instructed to record the same with the records of this meeting and that a copy be enclosed and sent to the Hon. Amasa Stetson by letter.

Resolved, that while he has identified the prosperity and happiness of the individual families of our citizens in the erection of this elegant temple for our use, he has shown a praiseworthy zeal for the elevation of morals and a reverence for the Christian religion which should entitle his name to our respect and grateful remembrance to life's latest moments. And though time's defacing hand may ere long demolish the foundation of this temple, and cause its superstructure to



totter to its fall, and crumble into dust, yet may the name of its Donor for this and other acts of benevolence, be handed down to our posterity, and be revered and cherished for ages yet to come.

Voted that the Hon. Amasa Stetson of this town is entitled to our unfaded thanks (as citizens of Stetson) for the unwearied pains which he has taken in superintending the building of the meeting house in this

village, and that he is entitled to much credit for procuring so valuable and experienced a workman as is Mr. Evelyn.

A memorial service was conducted on Sunday, July 26, 1905 by Rev. J. A. Weed and Rev. Pitcher of Aroostook to dedicate several stained glass windows. (Rev. Pitcher, over 80 at the time, had participated in the dedication of the church). The windows are opalescent (showing colors

in shifting, iridescent hues) glass, made in America. More than one thickness of glass, called plating, was used to give depth and to take care of the flesh (hands and face), which are the only painted areas. The garments are "drapery" glass, taking advantage of variations of thickness and irregularities to suggest folds. Although there are no records of any purchases, the style has been recognized by a present day artisan as most probably that of Alfred M. Bell, a Boston based stained glass designer and manufacturer of the 1890's and early 1900's.

Alfred M. Bell first appears in the Boston City Directories in 1893 as a designer for Redding, Baird and Co., 83 Franklin Street. From 1895-1903, Mr. Bell was a partner in the stained

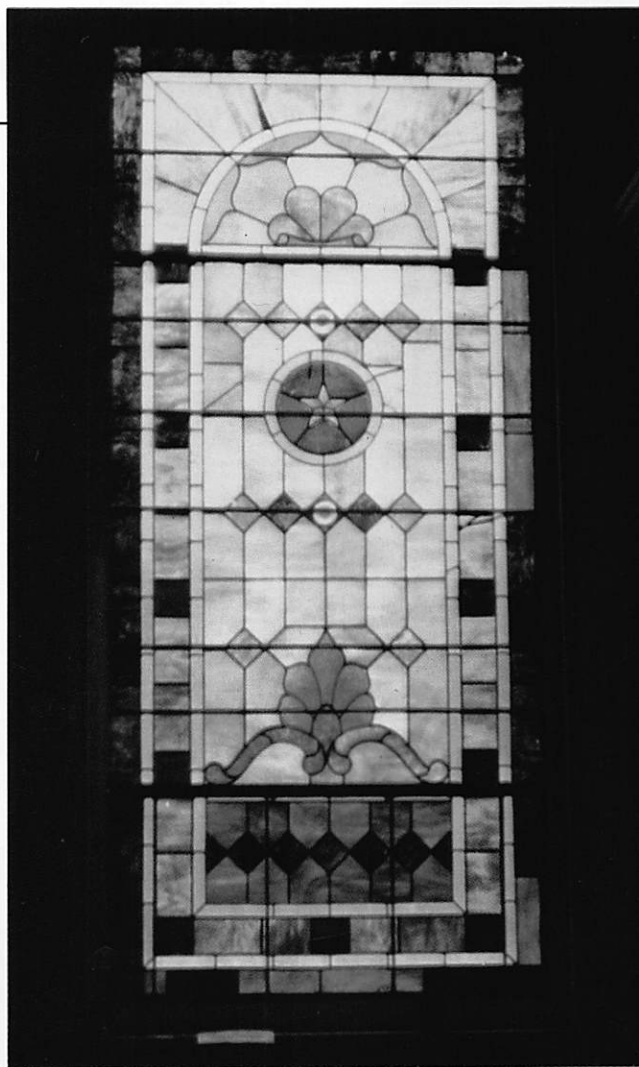
glass firm—Spence, Moakler and Bell. In 1904, the company changed its name and until 1918 was known as Spence, Bell and Company. Around 1919 George W. Spence and Alfred M. Bell went their separate ways. The Spence Company and the Alfred M. Bell Company were both in operation from 1919 to 1933.

The church bell inscribed "cast in Boston in AD 1871 by Wm. Blake and Co. formerly H. N. Hooper and Company" is 27 inches high and 40 inches in diameter. The company was originally founded by Paul Revere and since 1930 has been known as Revere Copper and Brass Company. From 1868-1888 it was known as Wm. Blake & Company and was located at the corners of Allen, Brighten and Charles Streets.

A particularly interesting piece remaining in the church is an antique pump organ. With its wooden pipes and high bench, it was built in the late 1860's by S. D. & H. W. Smith—the American Organ Company. S. D. & H. W. Smith were cousins born in Enfield, Mass. in 1830. They operated this particular business from 1853-1874.

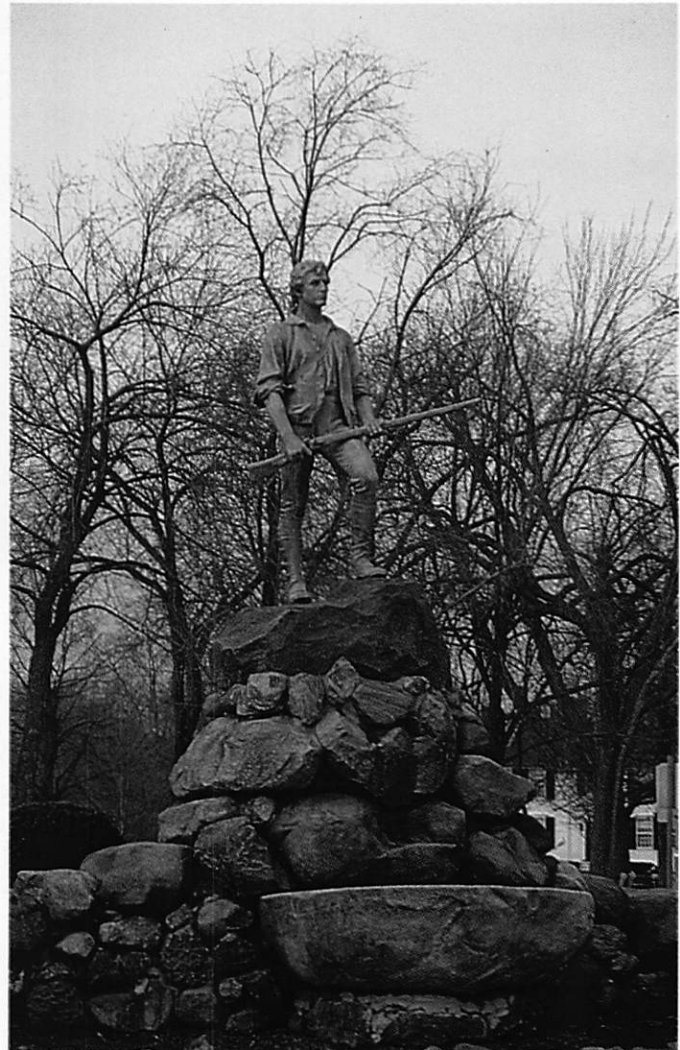
Entering the Stetson Union Church is like walking into another time.

Necessary modern conveniences have been added, yet much is still the same as it was when the building was first built one hundred and forty years ago. Maine's past is preserved in its present, and it provides the residents of Stetson, Maine, a first hand example of our forefathers' concern for the provision of future generations as well as a pride in their own. §





Statues at Minute Man National Park



"On the eighteenth of April in '75,
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year . . ."

On The Eighteenth of April...

At Minute Man National Historical Park

by Edith Goodman

"Paul Revere's Ride," by H. W. Longfellow is part of the study of every American school child. As a romantic poem, it is exciting. As history, it is fiction.

Revere never reached Concord; he was captured in Lincoln, Massachusetts. It is true that he reached Lexington and he did warn Samuel Adams and John Hancock that the British were coming. He thought the redcoats' purpose was to seize these two outspoken patriots to be sent to England and tried as traitors.

Revere even set out to warn the Middlesex countryside that the British were coming. His guess about their purpose was incorrect, but not the fact that they were marching from Boston.

Gathering information was important to both sides. Governor Gage had a pipeline into the Provincial Congress through a member he had bribed. This man leaked to Gage the facts that the colonists planned to create a militia and, to equip it, they had begun to stockpile arms and ammunition in Concord. Gage's reaction was to send troops to Concord to seize and destroy stores.

The colonists, on their side, detested Gage and felt imposed upon by a distant Parliament which tried to saddle them with taxes without their consent. Every colonist in Boston listened to the soldiers' talk and watched their movements. Suspicions were reported to the Committee of Safety of the Provincial Congress.

On April 18, 1775, Dr. Warren of the Committee sent William Dawes riding into the Middlesex county towns to warn of troop movements. Dawes had left earlier than Revere on that day, but was slower, as his route was longer.

The two men arrived together in Lexington. Having warned Adams and Hancock and seen them guarded by Captain Parker and his Minute Men, the couriers decided to go on to Concord. Dawes turned back. Revere was joined on the road by a young Concord physician returning home.

They left the Lexington line and were in the small town of Lincoln, part way between Lexington and Concord, when they were stopped by a British patrol. The patrol knew that Revere was a patriot activist so they held his





horse fast and took the two men to a back pasture. Prescott was an unknown to the Boston-based soldiers, so they did not restrain him. Prescott watched for his opportunity to run and, when it came, he spurred his horse, jumped the stone wall and set out to rouse the Lincoln Minute Men. Just where he went is told in two versions.

Frank W. C. Hersey, in his **Heroes of the Battle Road**, says that Prescott went to the home of Sergeant Samuel Hartwell; he woke the family and asked that Captain William Smith be notified. Mary Hartwell, he says, walked the half-mile to the Smith house and gave the captain the news.

Another account, by A. E. Brown, in **Beneath Old Roof Trees**, implies that Prescott went to Hartwell Tavern where Ephriam Hartwell lived. Ephriam must have sent his slave Violet next door to the sergeant's house. Mary Hartwell had often told her grandson of that day and he recalls:

It was my good fortune to have a grandmother live in full possession of her faculties until she attained almost a century of life. The happiest days of my

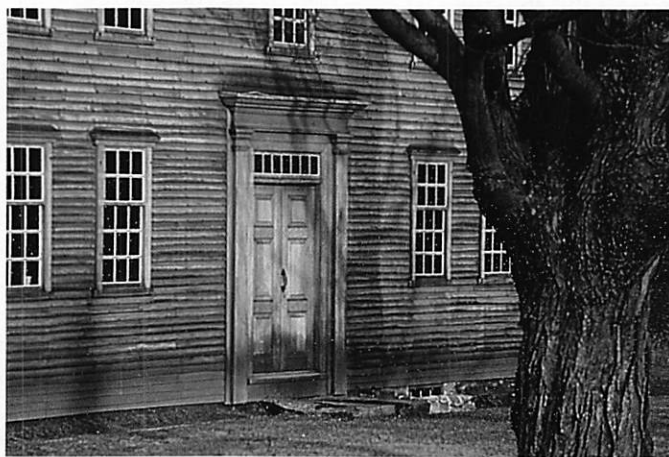
youth were those spent by her fireside, listening to her experiences of that day long to be remembered. She said: "Your grandfather, who was a sergeant, left the house, joining neighbors soon as the alarm reached us. I did up the chores in the barn, and cared for the children as well as I could in my anxiety. When thus occupied, a colored woman who lived near us came in and spread the news of the approach of the British, but was afraid to go farther; so I said 'If you will take care of my baby, I will go and give

warning.' I started for neighbor's house, glancing down the road, and saw such a sight as I can never forget. The army of the king was coming up in fine order, their red coats were brilliant, and their bayonets glistening in the sunlight made a fine appearance; but I knew what all that meant and I feared I should never see your grandfather again, although I then knew nothing of their bloody work in Lexington."

The redcoats got to Lexington the morning of the 19th. About 70 of Captain Parker's men were on the green with orders not to fire (they did not want to be the aggressors). Townspeople filled the streets, turned out to see a parade. Alas, it was no peaceful parade. Someone (and no one seems to know who) fired a pistol shot—that was the "shot heard round the world," not the later ones in Concord.

Spectators scattered at the sounds of gunfire. The Minute Men on the green loaded and fired in turn. At the end of this skirmish, eight were dead and ten wounded.

As the British came into Concord, the town well alerted by Prescott, many people were busy transferring stores to better hiding places. On the American side, the Concord Minute Men had been joined by those of



Hartwell
Tavern

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-

five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and

year.
He said to his friend, "If the British
march

By land or sea from the town to-night,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal

light, —
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and

farm,
For the country folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with
muffled oar

Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was
magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley
and street,

Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the
grenadiers,

Marching down to their boats on the
shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old
North Church,

By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him
made

Masses and moving shapes of shade, —
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,

Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, and the secret
dread

Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.



Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul
Revere.

Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,
Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-

girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North
Church,

As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!

He springs to the saddle, the bridle he
turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the
dark,

And beneath, from the pebbles, in
passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and
fleet:

That was all! And yet, through the gloom
and the light

The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed,
in his flight,

Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the
steep,

And beneath him, tranquil and broad
and deep,

Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the
ledge,

Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock,
When he crossed the bridge into Medford
town.

He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank
and bare,

Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord
town.

He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.

... Minute Man

Lincoln and Acton. They were all determined to keep the invaders from crossing the river at North Bridge, for, not far from there, stores were hidden at the Barrett farm.

The British went into the town with three missions: to (1) find and destroy stores, (2) hold South Bridge, (3) hold North Bridge.

Meanwhile the searchers were not having an easy time of it.

The soldiers searched without much success of exposing hidden weapons. The colonists had hidden things cleverly. The shrewd and successful address of Captain Timothy Wheeler on this occasion deserves notice. He had charge of a large quantity of provincial flour, which together with some casks of his own, was stored in his barn. The British officer demanded admittance, he readily took the

key, and gave him admittance. The officer expressed pleasure at this discovery, but Captain Wheeler, with much affected simplicity, said to him, putting his hand on his barrel, "This is my flour. I am a miller sir. Yonder stands my mill; I get my living by it. In winter I grind a great deal of grain and get it ready for market in the spring. "This," pointing to one barrel, "is the flour of wheat." "This," pointing to another, "is the flour of corn, this the flour of rye, this is my wheat and my rye. This is mine." "Well," said the officer, "we do not injure private property." and withdrew, leaving this important depository untouched.

Some of the searchers found an old gun carriage and set it afire. The fire generated a good deal of smoke which could be seen all over town.

At North Bridge, the colonists saw the smoke and feared that the town would burn down. Led by Captain Isaac Davis of Acton, they rushed the bridge and scattered the soldiers, who began to retreat. When the Americans hastened into town and found the fire of small consequence and the town safe, they turned to pursue the retreating soldiers. Firing was heavy on both sides. The provincials kept behind trees and fences and could pick off the brilliant-red-coated soldiers.

This type of warfare bewildered the British. Armies were supposed to behave in a carefully choreographed manner. Full lines were supposed to advance and retreat; they could be seen and made good targets. These hidden ghosts pouring fire could not be found.

In addition to fighting the invisible enemy, the soldiers were waiting for reinforcements which had been sent for. The ammunition was running low:

The next morning, Ephriam Hartwell, the innkeeper, and another elderly man drove along the road to the Bloody Angle with a yoke of oxen and a cart to pick up the bodies of the King's soldiers. Five of the eight were found and hauled away to the ancient burying ground at Lincoln Center. Their common grave in the Lincoln Cemetery is marked by a stone erected by the Town in 1884. The others killed at Bloody Angle were supposed to have been buried where they fell.

About a mile from Concord Center, at Merriam's Corner, a fresh Minute company from Reading joined the others taking cover at Merriam's farm. The colonists now knew that the war had begun at Lexington so they no longer feared being thought the aggressors. Within a short distance, eight soldiers were killed; three colonists were killed by "flankers."

By the time the retreat reached Lexington, the British were relieved to see more troops coming. The fighting continued into Menotomy (Arlington). Townspeople fired on the British troops from houses. Here the heaviest fighting of the day occurred. The snipers in the houses were not as well sheltered as they thought for soldiers crept in with poised bayonets to run them through. It is here that about half the Americans killed that day fell.

At the end of the day, the tally taken by both sides stood at: British casualties 273; American 95.

Why should we, two centuries later, be concerned about this history? The establishment of Minute Man National Historical Park has turned up much new information.

In the fifties, Congress became aware that the Bicentennial was rapidly approaching and something

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must be done to mark the date. Thus, Congress voted to commemorate the start of the nation by creating a historical park where it all began. Funds were voted to buy 750 acres along the Battle Road and restore it to its appearance as of April 19th. The Park Service bought 746 acres. Historians were sent in to study the area and decide which buildings were colonial and which later. Those determined to be of later vintage were to be removed. Those impossible to move were given 25 year leases.

The goal was to restore the area to its appearance of 1775. The real buildings would be restored and open to visitors. It was hoped that all could be furnished and park interpreters in costume could explain how things were at that time.

Alas, it is one thing to make plans, quite another to be able to carry them out, especially when it costs so much and money is not available. Two hundred years had wrought changes. The Battle Road (now State Rt. 2A) is no longer the dirt country road it was—it is now a heavily-used two lane blacktop. Although the Park Service would like to close the road to all but park visitors, adjacent towns and motorists would noisily object.

And of course, no one in the 18th century dreamt that an airfield would grow on the site. Hanscom Air Force Base is there now, and, although not right on the road, there is a very visible entrance road to the base. The Park Service has encouraged trees along the road so that it would look more natural in a wooded area, and to screen the more modern aspects of 20th century life from the park.

It is along this road, in North Lincoln, that Revere was captured. In the 19th century the town put a plaque on a boulder at the spot believed to be the one at which he was caught and detained.

The Paul Revere ride is re-enacted

annually, including the capture. It's all part of Patriot's Day celebrations—something taken seriously in Massachusetts. Every April 19th sees the Minute Men of the various towns, dressed as the originals dressed, muster and march to where their town's men had marched originally.

It is sad that the interesting plans originally formulated for the historic houses could not be carried out. It would have intrigued visitors to be served the 18th century refreshments that the tavern provided its customers in Ephriam Hartwell's time.

Although the Hartwell tavern has been returned to its original appearance, the inside is barren. No furnishings survived inside and there are no funds for the Park Service to buy the period furniture, even when it can be found. So, while visitors may view the restored tavern on the outside, there are few periods when it can be seen inside.

Concord was important historically in the 18th century, and important as an intellectual influence in the 19th. And the town has seen to it that its important sites are preserved—many places are open to visitors and give guided tours for a fee. (See sidebar.) The Park Service does not own or administer any of these except Wayside (the home of the Alcotts, Hawthorne, and Margaret Sidney, author of *Five Little Peppers*). Many of these historic houses are open and have guides.

Most of these homes were important to the town and are under the care of commissions, or other responsible bodies. It is these bodies which see that repairs are made as needed; this ensures that there will be no disrepair, nor that they be changed. Thus they constitute living history for future generations.

Pride has kept the towns from disposing of their famous sites. Lexington owns its green and the statue of Captain Parker. Concord owns North Bridge as well as that famous

minuteman statue of Captain Isaac Davis, of Acton, who was the first to fall as he led the charge at North Bridge. The Park is entitled, under contract with the town, to the use of these two important items, as well as land near the bridge which is used as a visitors parking lot.

Although some of the things that visitors wish to see are not park property, the visitor centers hand out sheets of information about them to be sure that visitors get the full flavor of the area. Both 18th and 19th century flavors. §

Visitor centers are located just off the Battle Road (2A) in Lexington and on the hill above North Bridge in Concord. Edith Goodman lives in Lincoln, Mass.

... Paul Revere

And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have
read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farm-yard
wall,

Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of
alarm

To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the
door,

And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and
need,

The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul
Revere.

Henry W. Longfellow

THINGS TO SEE IN AND AROUND CONCORD

In the 19th century, the importance of authors of Concord have made their homes important historical places which the Park Service administers. Some of the places recommended as worthwhile sights in the various towns are:

CONCORD

Concord Antiquarian Museum (369-9609) P.O. Box 146, Cambridge Turnpike. 15 period rooms containing household furnishings from Concord area homes 1680-1840; Emerson's study, personal items from Thoreau's cabin; Paul Revere's lantern; special exhibits. 45-minute guided tour (last tour at 4:00). 10:00-4:30, Sun. 2:00-4:30; \$3.00, under 15 \$1.00; group rates and reservations available.

Emerson House (369-2236) 28 Cambridge Tpk (1/2 mile east of Center, next to North Bridge); home of Ralph Waldo Emerson from 1835-1882; 30 min tour; mid April - late Oct. Thurs.-Sat. 10:00-4:30; Sun. 2:00-4:30; \$2.00; 6-17 \$1.00; group rates by prior arrangement.

The Old Manse (369-4118) 3/4 mile west of Center, next to North Bridge. Revolutionary period home of Emerson, Ripley, and Hawthorne; Apr. 17-Sept. 15, 10:00-4:30, Sun. 1:00-4:30. June to Oct. 10:00-4:30, Sun. 1:00-4:30. Closed Tues. and Wed.; open spring weekdays for groups by reservations; \$2.50; 11-16 \$1.00; under 6 free; senior citizens \$1.75.

Thoreau Lyceum (369-5912) 135 Belknap St. (off Rte 62, 1/2 mile southwest of Center). Thoreau, Emerson memorabilia, research library, replica of Thoreau's WALDEN House, exhibits. 10-5:00, Sun. 2-5; Jan.-April (closed Monday) \$1.00; 8-18 50¢. School and college groups must notify Curator in advance.

Wright Tavern (369-6219) Concord Center; British commanders made their headquarters here on the 19th; currently a gift shop. Mon.-Sat. 9:30-5:00; free.

Sleepy Hollow Cemetery Rte 62 (3 blocks northeast of Center); graves of Thoreau, Emerson, Hawthorne, the Alcotts, Margaret Sidney, and Daniel Chester French.

Great Meadows National Wildlife Refuge (443-4661) Monsan Rd. (off Rte 62, one northeast of Center) observation towers and trails through marsh, open water and upland habitat along the Concord River; sunrise to sunset; free; pets on leash.

ARLINGTON

Jason Russel House (648-3400); 7 Jason St. (at Massachusetts Ave. in Center); 18th century house with exhibits and furnishings, scene of heavy fighting on April 19; Apr.-Nov. Tues.-Sat. 2:00-5:00 50¢, children 10¢.

SUDBURY

The Wayside Inn (443-8046). Boston Post Road (Rte 20, four miles west of Rte 126); 18th century tavern to commemorate Longfellow's Tales of a Wayside Inn; meals served, period rooms on exhibit; tours 50¢, free with meals.

HARVARD

Fruitland Museum (456-3924) off Rte 110/111, south of Rte 2, three miles west of I-495. Views and six building complex, including Fruitlands, the 18th century farmhouse used by Bronson Alcott and the Transcendentalists in 1843, Shaker House, American Indian Museum, Picture gallery of 19th century American paintings; May 30-Sept. 30, 1:00-5:00; closed Mon. except on holidays; \$2.00, 7-16 50¢; under 6 free.

LEXINGTON

Cary Memorial Library (862-6288) at the Center; art gallery, historical

paintings, books and collections; Mon.-Thurs. 9-9; Fri. and Sat. 9-6; Sun. (Sept.-May) 1-5. free.

Lexington Green Statue of Captain Parker and monuments mark site of the first shots of the Revolution.

Lexington Historical Society (861-0928) P.O. Box 514; three historic structures associated with April 19; furnishings exhibits, displays and tours (last tour 4:30) Apr. 16-Oct. 31, 10-5; Sun 1-5; individual houses \$1, joint ticket or all three, \$2.25, under 16 25¢, group reservations required.

Bucknam Tavern (861-0928)

Hancock-Clark House (56 Hancock St.)

Munroe Tavern (862-1703) 1332 Massachusetts Ave.)

Visitor Center (862-1450) at the Center; information, literature and a diorama of the clash on the Green; July-Oct. 9-5; Nov.-June 10-4, free.

LINCOLN

Codman House (259-8843) P.O. Box 429, Codman Rd. (1/2 mile east of Rte 126); 18th century house and furnishings; tours given on the hour; June 1-Oct. 15; Wed.-Sun. 10-5; \$2.00, under 12, \$1.00.

DeCordova Museum and Park (259-8355), Sandy Pond Rd. (1/2 mile west of center) cultural center for contemporary visual and performing arts overlooking Sandy Pond, changing exhibitions, sculpture park outdoor Sun. concerts July-Aug. 3:30, Tues.-Fri. 10-5; Sat. 12-5; Sun. 1:30-5; Wed. evenings 5-9:30, \$1.50; under 21, senior citizens and students 50¢.

Drumlin Farm (259-9500) Rte 117 (1/2 mile east of Rte 126; working farm and natural habitats; environmental and natural history programs, tours and events; special tours for groups 9-5; closed Mon.; \$3.00 children 3-15 and senior citizens \$1.50; fees for special programs Sun.-hayrides 1-3, 50¢.

Goings On

ART

Portland Museum of Art: Through May 5, "Marsden Hartley, 1908-1942." The lone and Hudson Walker Collection includes 45 paintings, drawings & lithographs spanning the artist's entire career. Seven Congress Square, Portland, Maine 207/775-6148

University of Maine at Orono: Through April 7, "Woven & Constructed Fabric Works" by Robin Muller; "Small Paintings" by five artists; UMO Art Collection. Through April 15, "Photographs by Terry Hire." 109 Carnegie Hall, Orono, Maine. 207/581-3255.

Dartmouth College: Through April 28, "Thank You, Wallace K. Harrison." A collection of works donated by Mr. Harrison, including important pieces by Picasso and Leger. Hood Museum Galleries, Hanover, N.H. 603/646-2808.

University of New Hampshire Art Galleries: Through May 1, "5 x 5 Contemporary Clay," juried selection of five artists; "John Hatch: 35 Years, A Retrospective," work by a member of the U.N.H. art faculty. Durham, N.H. 603/862-3712

Keene State College: Through April 28, "A Circle of Friends," work from art colonies in Cornish and Dublin, N.H. between 1850 and 1930. Thorne-Sagendorph Art Gallery, Keene, N.H. 603/352-1909, ext. 382.

The Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences: Through April 13, "The 4th New Hampshire Arts Biennial." A juried selection of contemporary N.H. artists. 148 Concord St., Manchester, N.H. 603/623-0313

Plymouth State College Art Gallery: Through April 16, "Edward Hill, A Man of His Time." A Critical survey of the man's work in the context of his time (1843-1923). Plymouth, N.H.

Brick Store Museum, Kennebunk: Juried Exhibition of Works by Members of the Art Guild of the Kennebunks from March 31 (reception 2 to 4 p.m.) through May 11. Tuesday to Saturday from 10 to 4. 985-4802.

Center for the Arts Gallery, 804 Washington Street, Bath: Nude II: All Media. Through March 16. Young People's Show opens April 5 (reception 5 to 7 p.m.) and runs through March 31. Critic's Choice opens April 5 (reception 5 to 7 p.m.) and runs through April 27. Tuesday through Friday from 10 to 4, Saturday noon to 4. 442-8455.

The Children's Museum of Maine, 746 Stevens Avenue, Portland. Open Tuesday to Friday from 10 to 5 and week-ends from 11 to 4.

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WRITERS & PUBLISHERS

The Maine Writers Center: Featuring small press books, magazines, and tapes from Maine, New England, and elsewhere. Available 9-5 Mon.-Fri. at 25A Forest Ave. (behind Gallery Music, downstairs), Portland, Me. 207/775-6260.

MAPLE SUGAR

The Maple Festival: April 12-14 in St. Albans.

Maple Sugar Festival: April 19-21 in St. Johnsbury.

Both events feature sugarhouse tours, pancake breakfasts, and assorted suppers, as well as entertainment, crafts exhibits, and dances. For more information, call the Vermont Maple Festival Council, 802/524-2444.

The Vermont Travel Division publishes a brochure listing maple sugarhouses throughout the state open to visitors for pre- or post-festival exploring. Free copy of 1985 guide available at Vermont Travel Division, 134 State St., Dept. R58, Montpelier, VT 05602.

Colby College Museum of Art, Waterville. Landscape and Abstract Art: A Continuing Dialogue from March 3 to 31; Selections from the Permanent Collection, including works by John Marin, through March; Against the Clock: An Exhibition of Mail Art from April 1 to 26; Art Student Show from April 19 to May 6. Monday to Saturday from 10 to 12 and 1 to 4:30, Sunday from 2 to 4:30. 873-1131.

Hobe Sound Galleries North, 1 Milk Street, Portland. Works by David Crowley, George Kunkel, Cabot Lyford, Don Stone and John Swan, opening March 6 and running through April 6. Works by Gary Buch, Chris Huntington, Ed Langford, Lois L. Stock, and Barbara J. Suman, opening April 10 and running through May 4. Tuesday to Saturday from 10:30 to 5. 773-2755.

The Joan Payson Whitney Gallery of Art, Westbrook College, Portland: Women Pioneers in Maine Art, 1900-1945, works by Georgia O'Keeffe, Peggy Bacon, Marguerite Zorach, Dahlov Ipcar, Gertrude Fiske, Dorothy Hay Jensen, and Edith Cleaves Barry, from April 9 to May 19. Tuesday to Friday from 10 to 4, Saturday and Sunday from 1 to 5. 797-9546.

Maine Maritime Museum, Sewall House, Bath. Historic 1844 mansion with exhibits of maritime history, ships, dioramas, marine art, half-models, children's hands-on room, BIW history, fishing industry, shipbuilding on the Kennebec, and worldwide shipping trade. Monday to Saturday from 10 to 3, Sunday and holidays from 1 to 4. \$2 adults/\$1 children. 443-1316.

William A. Farnsworth Library and Art Museum, 19 Elm Street, Rockland. Berenice Abbott Photographs (Main Gallery), through March 31. Educational Exhibit: SIZE (Hadlock Gallery), March 8 to April 29. Student Art Competition (Main Gallery), April 1 to 29. Many Thanks: Recent Gifts (Upstairs Gallery), through the spring. 596-6457.

FILM

April 4: *Cover Girl*, Portland Museum of Art, 7 Congress Square, Portland. 7 p.m. \$2/\$2.50. 775-6148

Ways of Seeing - A New Approach to Art Appreciation film series, The Brick Store Museum, Kennebunk. 7:30 p.m. 985-4802.

April 5: *Rear Window*, Kresge Auditorium, Bowdoin College, Brunswick. 7 and 9:30 p.m. 75 cents. 725-8731.

April 6: *L'Etoile Du Nord*, Science 102, University of Maine at Machias. 4 and 7 p.m. Also April 7.

Vertigo, Kresge Auditorium, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, 7 and 9:30 p.m. 75 cents. 725-8731.

April 9: *And the Ship Sails On* (Italy, 1983), 101 Neville Hall, University of Maine at Orono. 7:30 p.m. Free. 581-1734.

The Imitation of Life, Portland Stage Company, 25A Forest Avenue, Portland. Noon. 774-0465.

April 10: *World Within World*, Memorial Union, University of Maine at Orono. Ascent of Man film series. Free. 581-1734.

April 11: *Autumn Sonata*, University of Maine at Farmington's Learning Center. 7 p.m.

Ways of Seeing - A New Approach to Art Appreciation film series, The Brick Store Museum, Kennebunk. 7:30 p.m. 985-4802.

April 12: *Blonde Venus*, Kresge Auditorium, Bowdoin College, Brunswick. 7 and 9:30 p.m. 75 cents. 725-8731.

April 13: *Heatwave*, Science 102, University of Maine at Machias. 4 and 7 p.m. Also April 14.

The Blue Angel, Kresge Auditorium, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, 7 and 9:30 p.m. 75 cents. 725-8731.

April 14: *Adventures of J. Thaddeus Toad, Ben and Me*, and *The Cat in the Hat*, Bangor Lounge, Memorial Union, University of Maine at Orono. 1:30 p.m. \$1. 581-1734.

Nanook of the North and Magic in the Sky, Kresge Auditorium, Bowdoin College, Brunswick. 2 p.m. Free. 725-8731.

April 16: *L'Argent* (France, 1983), 101 Neville Hall, University of Maine at Orono. 7:30 p.m. Free. 581-1734.

April 17: *Knowledge or Certainty*, Memorial Union, University of Maine at Orono. Ascent of Man film series. Free. 581-1734.

April 18: *Hair*, Portland Museum of Art, 7 Congress Square, Portland. 7 p.m. \$2.50/\$2. 775-6148.

Ways of Seeing - A New Approach to Art Appreciation film series, The Brick Store Museum, Kennebunk. 7:30 p.m. 985-4802.

April 19: *Black Orpheus*, Kresge Auditorium, Bowdoin College, Brunswick. 7 and 9:30 p.m. 75 cents. 725-8731.

April 20: *Mephisto*, German with English subtitles, Jewish Community Council, 28 Somerset Street, Bangor. 8 p.m. \$2.50/\$1. 945-5631.

The Fugitive Kind, Kresge Auditorium, Bowdoin College, Brunswick. 7 and 9:30 p.m. 75 cents. 725-8731.

April 24: *Generation Upon Generation*, Memorial Union, University of Maine at Orono. Ascent of Man film series. Free. 581-1734.

April 25: *The Spirit of the Beehive*, University of Maine at Farmington's Learning Center, 7 p.m.

April 26: *Heaven Can Wait*, Kresge Auditorium, Bowdoin College, Brunswick. 7 and 9:30 p.m. 75 cents. 725-8731.

April 27: *The Stunt Man*, Kresge Auditorium, Bowdoin College, Brunswick. 7 and 9:30 p.m. 75 cents. 725-8731.

Moonlight In Vermont

While the rest of the nation shivered through arctic temperatures in February, the songstress Margaret Whiting was warming the hearts of Vermonters during her first-ever visit to the Green Mountain State.

The visit was hosted by the state Travel Division to celebrate "Moonlight in Vermont," the song Miss Whiting introduced 42 years ago.

While that song popularized Vermont as a beautiful and serene vacation destination, it holds special meaning for Vermonters, many of whom were stationed away from home during the latter years of World War II.

"I think it took off because the war was on," Miss Whiting said. "Men and women were abroad, and it reminded them of home."

The outpouring of affection for Miss Whiting was considerably more than that expected by organizers of the visit. During one live radio call-in show, phones were ringing off the hook as listeners called to thank Miss Whiting for coming to Vermont, and especially for introducing "Moonlight in Vermont" in 1943.

On Tuesday, Miss Whiting sang the song to a special joint session of the state Legislature, which applauded a slight change in the lyrics from "sycamore" to "maple tree"—the state's official tree, which produces

brilliant autumn color and sap for Vermont's world-famous maple syrup.

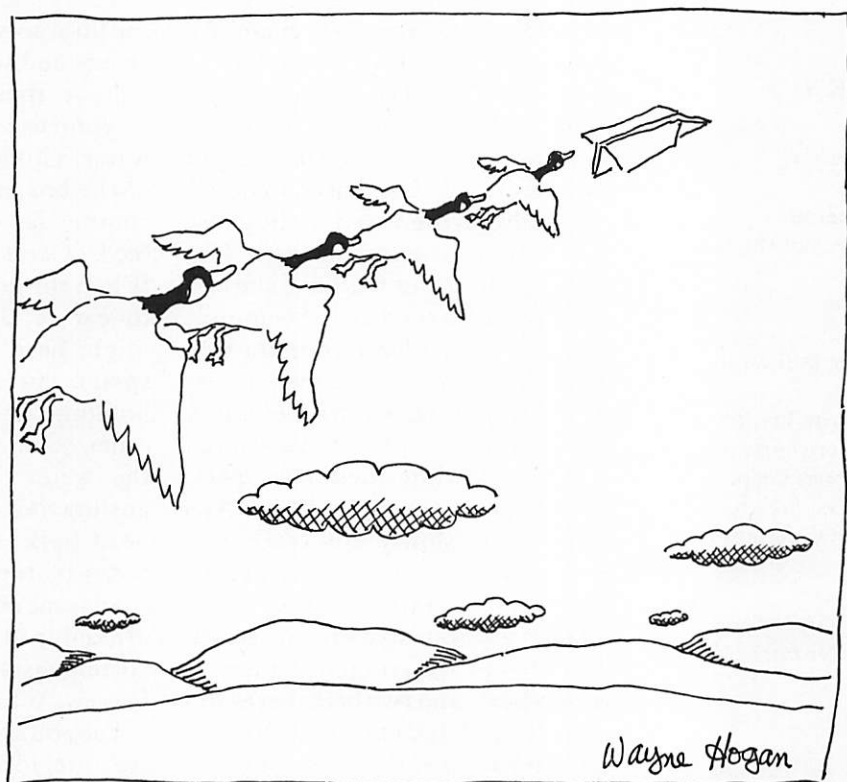
Her visit to the state capitol included a meeting with Gov. Madeleine Kunin, during which the governor signed a proclamation making Tuesday "Moonlight in Vermont Day" (The moon was full Tuesday night).

Miss Whiting was then honored with a Resolution of Appreciation from the members of the American Legion, Dept. of Vermont, "for bringing pleasant memories of their home state of Vermont when pleasant memories were needed, especially during World War II."

Other stops on her four-day itinerary included dinner with Maria Von Trapp and her family; a sleigh-ride drawn by Vermont's official state animal, a Morgan horse, at Edson Hill Manor in Stowe where she stayed; a tour of a cider mill in Waterbury Center; a gondola ride at the Mt. Mansfield ski area in Stowe; and several radio, television and newspaper interviews.

Miss Whiting was ecstatic about her first visit here, and pledged to come back for spring blossoms, summer breezes and the spectacular fall foliage. "Vermont has a season for everybody," she observed, adding "it is better than anything I ever sang about."

Russell Smith



IMPRINTING—or THE CASE OF THE BEWILDERED GOSLING

*A story for children of all ages
by Faustina Chamberlain*

Every other day, beginning on a spring morning, the goose laid a big white egg. She had found a quiet place for her nest in an unused cow stall in the old red barn. There in a feeder where some hay still remained she laid the egg. It was quite dark in that place and away from all the activity of the barn where sheep and hens made their home. After laying each egg, the goose used her bill to cover it carefully with hay. She then joined the gander for their daily trip to the pond below the barn.

As the days went by the eggs accumulated and when the goose at last had a clutch of twelve, her trips to the pond stopped and she sat on her nest, settling herself carefully and completely over the eggs. Day after day

as she sat on the nest she would look about for some diversion. She would gather stray feathers and tuck them under her for added warmth for the eggs. She would peck at the dusty hay lying about, scattering little insects, spiders, and the black beetles that were the spiders' prey.

One day, the goose discovered the chain. It was the chain a long-ago farmer had put around the neck of a cow occupying that stall. There the chain now hung, rusty and unused. The goose, seeing it for the first time, reached out tentatively with her bill and pulled the chain towards her. Then she let it go, and CLANK, CLANK, it rattled back against the wall. Fascinated by the sound, the goose pulled the chain again, and again,

MRS. JACK'S

gardens yet bloom,
losing nothing in translation,
survive,
indeed thrive even in march
when the cold boston eyes of the fens
glaze agate
& the ducks huddle under
each rounded bridge.
there's a pale skim of ice still on the
charles,
but the flowers spill warm, luxuriant
& mediterranean into her courtyard;
her transplanted madonnas keep
their deep red renaissance dream,
their sleep interrupted only on those days
when flutes call—
mellow, green.

*Grete Goodwin
Cape Neddick, Maine*

COMPENSATIONS

In Maine the dimming eye-sight of
the old
is not a darkling burden, but rare gold.
Gleaned from the pastures of our
memories
shine brilliant night flowers of the April
skies
and each day's golden blessing of the sun.
The night wind sings to us when day is
done.
We hear strong migrant wings breaking
morning air,
Pines' sleepy murmur to the sheltered
hare.

The tears and laughter of the years are
blending,
young April's resurrection a green
mending.
The Lord, Who takes from us, His own
creations,
returns a thousand-fold these
compensations,
great rivers, mountain streams, all
pleasant places,
giving for suffering, munificence of
His graces.

*Julia Anna Cook
Alfred, Maine*

and again. CLANK, CLANK, CLANK rattled the rusty chain. All the other animals in the barn stopped to listen. The sheep looked at each other as if to say "What is that horrible noise?" And someone might have answered, "It is that silly goose!"

Finally, on the 31st day, the goose felt a faint stirring beneath her. Peering under her feathers, she saw one egg with a crack in it. Seemingly satisfied, she settled back on the nest while beneath her feathers, a very interesting thing was happening. A little gosling was pecking its way out of the thick white shell. Peck, peck, peck, went the tiny gosling. And slowly, very slowly, the crack widened. And if one could have peeked through that crack, one could have seen a very wet, scrawny little bundle of bones and straggly feathers, a yellow beak, and two bright eyes in a homely head that appeared too large for the body it was attached to.

All day the pecking went on until late in the afternoon when the little gosling was free at last of its prison and resting under the warm feathers of its mother. Other than making sure that her offspring was securely hidden under her, the goose paid little attention to it. For awhile the gosling would be able to feed on the fluid left in its shell. Then it would be on its own to find food, under the protecting guidance of its mother.

However, this little gosling would not have to fend for itself. The young girl at the farmhouse had been checking the goose's eggs every day and the little gosling was but a few hours out of its shell when Joyce found it. Joyce knew that, although the mother goose would look after her gosling, she was no match for the hungry weasel that lived under the barn. So Joyce put the gosling on a nest of hay in a small carton and took it up to the house. There she put the box behind the kitchen stove where it was warm. It was not long before the little gosling's feathers

were dry and fluffy and it looked like the little geese one sees in pictures—yellow and soft and cuddly.

Joyce then took the cover of a mayonnaise jar and filled it with water. This she placed in one corner of the box, and in the other corner another jar cover with some chick feed, a fine grain like cornmeal. When the gosling made no attempt to eat or drink, Joyce decided it might need some help. She took a spoon, put a little water in it, and holding the gosling gently in her other hand, put the gosling's bill in the water. Right away the little gosling took a sip of water, threw its head back and let the water run down its throat. Then Joyce moistened some chick feed with water and offered it to the gosling. When the gosling tasted that, it shook its head fiercely. What gritty stuff!

Laughing at the antics of the little creature, Joyce put it back in its box. Now, the gosling found its voice. "What, what, what, what, what?" it seemed to say in a high-pitched little squeak. And Joyce answered, "What, what, what, what, what!" Again the little gosling squeaked, "What, what, what, what, what," only louder this time. And Joyce responded. The gosling got more and more excited and all of a sudden it stepped in the little dish of water. "Ah-h-h-h-h!" it shrieked, and dashed to the other side of the box. Wet feet was another new experience.

Later, when the gosling began to get hungry, it found its way to the dish of chick feed and took a tiny taste, still shaking its head at the gritty feeling. Then it found the dish of water where, instead of wetting its feet, it drank, each time throwing its head back and letting the sip of water run down its throat.

As the days went by, the gosling outgrew its small box and had to be put in a larger one. And as the gosling grew, it became more talkative and would call out "What, what,

what, what, what?" whenever anyone came near. Since Joyce talked back to it, the little gosling seemed to recognize her from all the others who came to look at it.

Meanwhile, back at the barn, the old goose was still setting on her eggs. But finally, the day came when she apparently sensed that no more eggs would hatch. She rolled the eggs out of the nest and waddled off to join the gander for a swim at the pond. She never returned to the nest in the cow stall.

The days grew warmer and Joyce put the gosling's box out on the porch for a few hours at a time. It was a much bigger box now for the gosling was growing rapidly. One day, the goose and the gander were in the pasture down by the barn when they heard a sound that startled them. "What, what, what, what, what!" it went. The goose and the gander stretched their necks and cocked their heads, and listened intently to that sound again. Getting very excited, they began to squawk wildly. There was no doubt about it. Somewhere, there was a little creature—a son or a daughter—that might belong to them.

And, of course, they were right. And it was, in fact, a daughter. The little gosling would one day be a big grey goose like her mother. If it had been a son, it would have looked like its father, a big white gander, and probably it would have had just as bad a disposition.

Every day after that, the geese would listen for the voice of their little daughter, and would respond with a noisy answer. Around the pasture was a high fence so that they could only stand behind the fence and call out. They never attempted to fly over it. Up on the porch the gosling paid no attention to their cries. The only one she responded to was Joyce. And although her vocabulary remained the same, she sometimes sounded like a singer practicing

her scales. And sometimes she would talk very quietly, almost in a whisper, and other times she would shout loudly and excitedly, "What, what, what, what, what!" But never was the little gosling quiet—except when she was asleep. There was always something for her to talk about, or get excited over.

For short periods of time Joyce would put the gosling out on the lawn, keeping an eye on it meanwhile. The bright green grass excited the little gosling and, in between loud cries, she pulled on the grass and gobbled it down.

One day, as the gosling was wandering along, pulling at a blade of grass here, and a blade of grass there, and occasionally gobbling up a tiny insect, it moved nearer and nearer to the big maple tree where the family's Saint Bernard dog, Lady Patricia of the Pines, was resting at the end of her chain. Trish, as she was better known, was more or less used to the little gosling being out on the lawn and hadn't paid much attention to it. But now, it was invading her territory!

Before Joyce or the little gosling realized the danger it was in, and before it had time to shriek even one "What!", Trish had snatched it up in her big mouth. Since Saint Bernards do not normally catch little animals or birds and their mouths are gentle, the little gosling was comparatively safe, but there it remained, high in the air, almost hidden in that big, wet mouth. Its predicament was no more upsetting to it than Trish's was to her. For Trish, now that she had the gosling in her mouth, did not know what to do with it. So, there she sat, with a silly, unhappy look on her face, as if to say, "What do I do now?"

A minute later the ordeal was over for both the dog and the gosling. Joyce came to the rescue. She gently removed the terrified gosling from the mouth of the big Saint, checked

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it carefully for any injuries, of which there were none, and put the now-shrieking gosling back in its box to recuperate from its horrendous experience. Trish was so relieved to be free of her perplexing burden that she sank to the ground with a big sigh and promptly went to sleep. After that episode, she was moved to another area where she could lie in the shade of a tree and not be bothered by any little intruders.

The gosling soon forgot the frightening incident and continued to roam about the lawn, feeding on the green grass and any unwary insects. The goose and the gander waited every day on the other side of the fence. When they saw the gosling they ran back and forth, squawking at the top of their voices. But the little gosling went about pulling blades of grass, paying no attention to the noise down at the barn.

The day finally came when the geese could contain themselves no longer. Making a tremendous effort, they spread their wings, and with a great leap, flew over the high fence, landing with a plop on the other side. Then, pulling themselves together, they hurried as fast as their short legs could carry them across the road and up the long lawn.

The little gosling was still pulling grass when, suddenly, it saw the huge birds approaching. With a shriek—much louder and more desperate than the noise it had made when it got its feet wet, or when it was released from Trish's mouth—the gosling went racing in terror after Joyce. And after the little gosling ran the goose and the gander. Around and around the big maple tree they went, unable to catch up with the frightened little gosling. To their little daughter, they were strange and terrifying creatures. The only parent it knew was Joyce. What a bewildered little gosling it really was!

From that day on began the re-

education of the little gosling. It had to be taught that it was a goose for it would soon be too big to remain at the house and would have to return to its own kind.

Joyce built a pen outside on the lawn under the big maple and every sunny day she would put the gosling in the pen. Then she would open the gate to the pasture and let the goose and the gander come up to see their offspring. And this they would do, hurrying in great excitement and making a lot of noise. As long as Joyce was near by, the little gosling did not seem to be as frightened, and gradually it became accustomed to the goose and the gander being there. The goose would settle down near the fence, watching her daughter's every move, and the gander would stand guard, facing in the other direction, ready to sound the alarm if anyone approached.

Finally, the big day for the little gosling arrived. Joyce did not put it in the pen on the lawn as usual, but instead, took it down to the barn where the goose and the gander were waiting by the fence. She didn't put the gosling down there either but continued carrying it on down to the pond, the goose and the gander hurrying after.

When Joyce reached the pond, she gently put the little gosling down in the water, and the goose and gander splashed in after it. After one excited "What, what!", the gosling ducked its head under the water and came up flapping its wings. With its little webbed feet paddling as fast as they could, the gosling went sailing across the pond. Back and forth it went, with the goose and gander proudly trailing after.

Joyce watched the little family enjoying its swim. When all three finally came out on the bank of the pond together, settled down and began preening their feathers, Joyce slipped quietly away, glancing back now and then as she made her way to

the house. Her job was over. The little gosling, no longer bewildered, had taken its place as a member of its own family.

Author's note: The psychologist, Konrad Lorenz, was one of the first to research the phenomenon of imprinting in animals. Curiously enough, one of his early experiments was with goslings (1957). He found that the goslings would accept as a parent the first creature they noticed within a few hours of hatching. An appealing picture of Lorenz appeared in Life magazine showing him crossing a barnyard trailed by a gaggle of goslings. (Biehler: Psychology Applied to Teaching, Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1971.) Faustina Chamberlain lives in West Baldwin, Maine.



DUCKLINGS

Fourteen dandelions gone to seed
waddle after the Peking hen.
They dart on yellow stems
rather than blowing from a single
blossom.

They call about to announce the discovery
of a choice worm,
an ill-fated bug,
a tender sprout of green.
One
is braver than the rest,
a straggler with a mind
more inquisitive.
Poised at the edge of the pond,
ready,
it heeds its mother's call.
Silvered scales breach the surface,
foiled,
and fourteen follow the hen
to the stream where they will become
ducklings.

A. M. Hummel
Danville, PA

YOU DON'T SAY

THE FAITH OF LITTLE CHILDREN

Our daughters always thought their Dad could fix anything and as our grandchildren came along it was instilled in them that Grandpa could fix anything.

I was to find just how deep that faith was when this past winter our three year old grandson found a grosbeak on the ground dead. The three year old stood over the dead bird for several seconds and then said, "Grandpa fix the bird, and he will fly in the sky."

Our grandson and I went on an errand and when we returned a short time later he ran to the spot where the bird had lain. Obviously, Grandpa had taken care of it while we were gone. Tears came to my eyes when the little boy said, almost to himself, "Bird gone in the sky, I knew Grandpa would fix it."

*Evelyn Potter
Kents Hill, Maine*

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

Back in the days of the Great Depression, a man in a distant city sold his business and acquired a farm in the outskirts of Hiram. He yearned for the simple life.

It soon became evident that, while he held himself in high esteem, he felt that anyone who wore dungarees and high boots, or bathed less often than daily was only a step up the scale from a moron.

Well, sir, to stock his farm with animals, he went to nearby Porterfield. No finer people exist in the State of Maine than the residents of Porterfield; staunch, upright tillers of the soil; honest as the day is long.

But they were quick to sense his supercilious attitude and resent his high-pressure method of haggling over their asking prices.

In due course of time, he acquired an amazing collection of farm animals: a periatric cow with only two valves workable, a work horse so old that he was a candidate for dentures, a flock of hens well beyond their prime whose flesh became chewable only after long immersion in the stew pot.

To his question of "What crop will produce the highest yield per acre?" someone replied, "Onions."

True, perhaps, but not on this man's land. It had lain unused for several years and had become heavily infested with witchgrass.

He planted half an acre to onions and soon became engaged in a life-or-death struggle with the witchgrass—which eventually the witchgrass won.

As the summer advanced, trouble developed with his outdoor plumbing. Someone suggested an application of lime. Of course, they meant chlorinated lime, a chemical used for that purpose. However, someone sold him a large bag of calcium oxide, sometimes called quicklime. He applied an overly-generous portion of it where it would do the most good.

Well, quicklime and water generate heat; and after a little time, this did. It generated enough heat to create a fire which burned his castle-of-the-half-moon to the ground.

Thereafter he became known in some quarters as: The Big Shot Who Burned His outhouse!

Oftentimes it was phrased less delicately than that.

Eventually things began to add up for him and one day he was heard to admit, "I am beginning to realize these people in Porterfield aren't as stupid as I thought!"

*Raymond Cotton
Hiram, Maine*

LACONIC TALK

In the early days of Maine, to see a traveler passing by a lonely farmhouse was a welcome experience. One day an old man saw a traveler walking at a fast gait. The old man hailed him:

"You seem to be in a hurry today."

"Yes, I am."

"Where are you from?"

"Rumford."

"Where'd you stay last night?"

"Bethel."

"Where are you going now?"

"Portland."

"What for?"

"To go to school."

"Why would a man your age want to go to school?"

"So's I can learn to mind my own business."

One morning two Maine farmers met on the road.

"Mornin' Caleb," one said.

"Mornin' Hank," answered the other.

"What did you give yore hoss for glanduhs?"

"Croton iyle," came Hank's answer.

A few days later they met again.

"Morning' Caleb," said Hank.

"Mornin' Hank," the other replied.

"What did you say you give your hoss for glanduhs?"

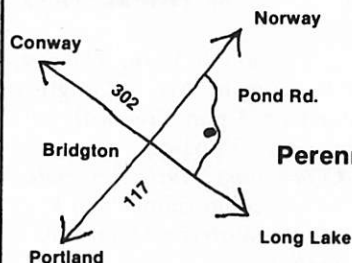
"Croton iyle," Hank repeated.

"Kilt mine," said Caleb.

"Kilt mine, too," said Hank.

*Dr. William Tacey
Pittsburgh, PA*

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**PERENNIAL
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A STILL LIFE

by

Natalie McCormack Parsons

Winter has loosened its grip on the North Country. Snow has melted down into slush and slush has oozed its way down into the ground to become mud. Mud! Mud season is officially here.

Dirt roads with saw horses bearing the words *Road closed—Mud Season* obstruct passage to all but foot traffic. A few intrepid souls drive around the barriers to ride the ruts joltingly and prayerfully.

Cars are mired to the hubcaps and horse teams come to pull them out of the muck. Tempers flare. Husbands and wives make disparaging remarks concerning the driving abilities of their respective spouses.

Walking down the path to the shed becomes an adventure. You must pull your feet laboriously from the oozing mud. Some spots are ankle deep and your foot is apt to come out of the mire minus a shoe. High-laced boots are certainly a fashion this time of year.

Mud! What can be worse? With mud season in full swing, we become inundated with black flies. "No-see-ums," the Indians called them. These small irritating insects travel in armies eating everyone in their way. Hats with veils, long sleeves with tights cuffs, slacks tucked into boots make fashion plates of us all. The distinct aroma of insect repellent is our perfume. Still at the end of the day, we are covered with little red bites. By morning, these little red bites are running sores as we scratch endlessly in our sleep.

Our section of New Hampshire is definitely tourist oriented. Brochures extol the virtues of our beautiful lakes, scenic attractions, natural wonders, fall foliage, skiing, and apres skiing depending on the season of the year. Little do the tourists

know of our other season. One Grant Wood-type woman told me, "Mud and black flies build character." That may be true but I think this year I'll take a trip down to the flatland. I'm enough of a character already.

Ashland, N.H. is Ms. Parsons' home.

Goings On

THEATRE

Gould Academy, Bethel. *The Ring of the Nibelung* by the Bennington Puppets. Bingham Auditorium. April 11 at 7:30 p.m. Free. 824-2161.

Unity College, Student Center, Unity. *Twelfth Night*. April 29 at 7:30 p.m.

University of Maine at Augusta, Jewett Hall. *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. April 11 at 8 p.m. \$6. Presented by Forum-A. 622-7131, ext. 271.

University of Maine at Gorham, Russell Hall, Gorham. *Gynt*, musical adaptation of Ibsen's verse/fantasy. April 12, 17, 20 and 21 at 8 p.m., April 14 at 2 p.m., and April 18-19 at 10 a.m. \$5/\$3. 780-4440.

University of Maine at Orono, Hauck Auditorium. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. April 23-27 at 8 p.m. (matinee at 2 p.m. April 26). \$5/\$4/\$3. *Barber of Seville*, presented by the Texas Opera Theatre. April 22 at 8 p.m. \$10/\$6. 581-1755.

University of Maine at Presque Isle, Normal Hall, Presque Isle. *The Roar of the Greasepaint, The Smell of the Crowd*. April 26-27 at 8 p.m. and April 28 at 2 p.m. \$5/\$4. 764-0311, ext. 352.

MUSIC

April 10: *The New England Piano Quartette*, Immanuel Baptist Church, Portland. Works by Dvorak, Husa, Schumann.

April 14: *Katabdin String Quartet*, Portland Museum of Art, 7 Congress Square, Portland. 3 p.m. Free with museum admission. 775-6148.

Colby Community Music Associates Concert, Given Auditorium, Colby College, Waterville. With the Arden Trio. 3 p.m. Admission.

April 15: *Phil Winsor, composer*, Gibson Hall, Bowdoin College, Brunswick. Noon. Free. 725-8731, ext. 253.

April 16: *Katabdin String Quartet*, State House Hall of Flags, Augusta, noon. Sponsored by the Maine State Commission on the Arts and Humanities. 289-2724.

April 20: *Bangor Symphony Orchestra*, Peakes Auditorium, Bangor High School. Britten's *War Requiem*, with boys' choir, adult chorus, soloists and narration. 8 p.m. Subscription series. 945-6400. Also on April 21 at 4 p.m.

April 21: *Harvard University Wind Ensemble*, Pickard Theater, Bowdoin College, Brunswick. Variety of music styles and epochs. 2:30 p.m. \$6. Support in part by the Maine State Commission on the Arts and Humanities. 725-8731, ext. 253.

UMF Community Chorus, Nordica Auditorium, University of Maine at Farmington. 4 p.m.

Candlelight Series Concert: Portland Symphony Chamber Orchestra, Sonesta Hotel, Portland. Works by Handel and Ravel. 3:30 and 7 p.m. 773-8191.

April 22: *Diedre Carr, harpist*, Gibson Hall, Bowdoin College, Brunswick. Noon. Music for flute and harp. Free. 725-8731, ext. 253.

April 23: *Murray Perahia*, Portland City Hall, Congress & Myrtle Streets. Piano concert presented by the Portland Concert Association. 8 p.m. \$16/\$13/\$10/\$7. 772-8630.

April 24: *Concerto Program: The University Orchestra*, Lord Hall, University of Maine at Orono, 8 p.m. \$3.50/\$1.50. 581-1240.

April 28: *State Street Radio Rodeo*, State Street Church, Portland. Radio musical variety show with folk and acoustic musicians, storytellers, comics. 3 p.m. \$1.50. Presented by Polyarts. 774-6396.

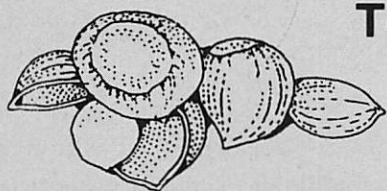
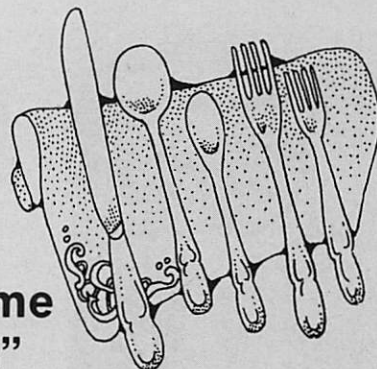
April 29: *Michael J. Smith, Danish composer/pianist*, Gibson Hall, Bowdoin College, Brunswick. Noon. Free. 725-8731, ext. 253.

April 30: *Classical Series Concert. Portland Symphony Orchestra*, Portland City Hall Auditorium. With the Choral Art Society in works by Verdi, Williams and Beethoven. 7:45 p.m. 773-8191. Also on May 1.

Homemade

QUICK DESSERTS

When You Don't Have Time To Make "From Scratch"



by Beatrice H. Comas

What is the alternative for the cook who has no time to make "from scratch" desserts? First, he or she should not apologize for taking advantage of some of the time-saving devices of the 20th century.

Ask yourself if anyone really cares that you occasionally use short-cuts or prepared mixes in your desserts? If the results are attractive and taste good without sacrificing proper nutrition, convince yourself that a quick dessert is better than none and a taste test may prove that "the easy way out" compares well with "the long way around."

There may be opportunities for you to use your creativity and work your painstaking way through an involved or very special recipe; but with so many cooks juggling homemaking tasks with careers outside the home, these occasions seem few and far between.

Cream Cheese-Frosted Carrot Bars prove that a recipe can use several convenience ingredients, yet remain nutritious.

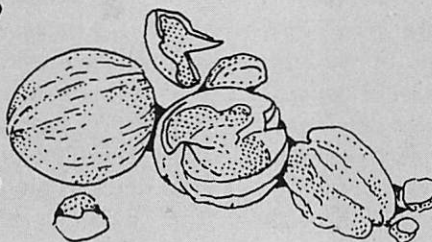
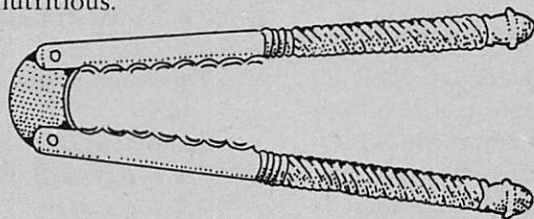
These are great "brown-bagger" snacks for school, office, or picnic.

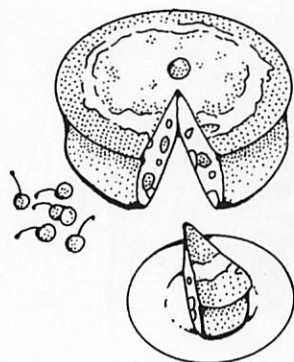
Cheese-Frosted Carrot Bars

- 1/3 cup cooking oil*
- 3 eggs*
- 1 15-oz. jar applesauce*
- 1 package Carrot 'n Spice cake mix*
- 1 cup raisins*
- 1 can ready-to-spread cream cheese frosting*
- 1/2 cup chopped nuts*

Heat oven to 350 degrees. Grease and flour two 8" or 9" square pans. In large bowl, beat oil, eggs, and applesauce one minute at low speed. Add cake mix. Blend until moistened. Beat 2 minutes at medium speed. Stir in raisins. Pour into prepared pans. Spread evenly. Bake for 25 to 35 minutes or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Cool completely. Frost with cream cheese frosting. Sprinkle with nuts.

Makes 36 bars.



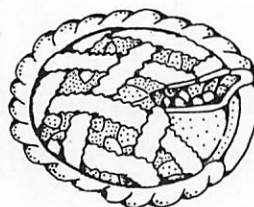
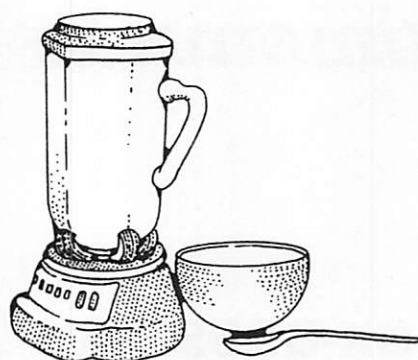


Trifle is an elegant pudding of English origin that would take considerable time to make from scratch. This version, using canned or frozen fruits and packaged pudding and those stale or slightly dry cake or cookie crumbs that collect in most households can hold its own with more complicated concoctions.

Ten Minute Trifle

Dry leftover cake or cookie crumbs
 1 3-oz. package pudding and pie filling mix
 2-1/2 cups milk
 Stewed, drained fruit; drained canned fruit (pineapple, peaches); applesauce
 Raspberry jam
 Whipped cream or whipped topping
 Slivered almonds (optional)

Line square baking pan with crumbled leftover cake or cookies. Cook pudding, using 2-1/2 cups of milk. Pour pudding over dry ingredients. Top pudding with layer of fruit, then 1/4 cup raspberry preserves which have been put through a sieve. Top with whipped cream or



whipped topping and slivered almonds (if desired).

Pie crust shells and mixes can be picked up on any trip to the supermarket and are a boon to the busy pie-maker. This pie containing cranberry sauce, apples, sugar, and spices reminds us of the bounty of autumn; hence its name—Harvest Pie.

Harvest Pie

1 package pie crust mix
 1 1-pound can whole cranberry sauce
 3/4 cup chopped nuts
 3 apples, cored and finely chopped
 1/2 cup sugar
 3 Tablespoons flour
 1 teaspoon cinnamon
 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
 2 Tablespoons melted butter or margarine

Prepare pie crust dough. Roll out and line 10-inch pie pan. Roll out remaining pastry and cut into half-inch strips. Combine all ingredients and place in pie shell. Put on lattice top. Bake at 425 degrees for 50 minutes. Serves 8.

This easy cherry cake (or pudding) is made in the blender. Serve it warm, dusted with confectioners' sugar, or as a pudding topped with vanilla ice cream or whipped cream.

Blender Right-Side-Up Cake

1-1/2 cups milk
 4 eggs
 1/2 cup all-purpose flour
 1/4 cup sugar
 2 teaspoons vanilla
 2 16- or 17-oz. cans pitted sour cherries, drained and patted dry
 Confectioners' sugar or Whipped Cream or Ice Cream

Position rack in middle of oven and preheat to 250 degrees. Generously butter 2-quart rectangular baking dish or 10-inch pie pan. Combine milk, eggs, flour, sugar, and vanilla in blender and mix on high speed 15 seconds. Scrape sides of container with spatula. Blend on high 30 seconds. Spread cherries in baking dish, pour batter evenly over top. Bake about one and one-half hours, or until top is golden brown. Dust with sugar and serve warm, or top with whipped cream or vanilla ice cream. Serves 6.

Here is a cake that combines two of America's favorites: peanut butter and chocolate. Save this one for a special occasion, for it belies the fact that it is made of convenience ingredients.

Chocolate Fudge - Peanut Butter Swirl Cake

1 package Fudge Marble cake mix
 1 cup dairy sour cream
 1/2 cup creamy peanut butter
 1/4 cup water
 3 eggs
 1/2 cup chopped peanuts

SUNDAY NIGHT'S LEFTOVERS

1 can Ready-to-Spread Chocolate Fudge Frosting

2 Tablespoons creamy peanut butter

1 Tablespoon chopped peanuts

Heat oven to 350 degrees. Grease and flour two 8" or 9" round cake pans. In large bowl, blend cake mix (reserve marble pouch), sour cream, half-cup peanut butter, water and eggs until moistened. Beat 2 minutes at highest speed. Fold in chopped peanuts. Pour three-fourths of batter into prepared pans.

To the remaining batter, add marble pouch and 2 Tablespoons water. Blend well. Spoon randomly over yellow batter. Marble by pulling knife through batter in wide curves; then turn pan and repeat.

Bake at 350 degrees F. for 35 to 45 minutes, or until toothpick inserted in center comes out clean. Cool upright in pan 15 minutes, then remove. Cool completely.

Blend frosting with 2 Tablespoons peanut butter. Spread a small amount (about one-third cup) between cake layers. Frost sides and top with remaining frosting. Garnish with 1 Tablespoon chopped peanuts. Serves twelve.



Beatrice Comas lives in South Portland, Maine. She has written for Maine Life, Good Housekeeping, and Readers' Digest, among others.

At our house Sunday supper was always a help-yourself affair. Actually, it was Mom's declaration of independence! After dinner dishes were put away (from a sumptuous meal which SHOULD have sufficed from noon till breakfast), her only contribution was dessert. Otherwise she was free of responsibility. Perhaps other mothers would like to adopt this formula for a welcome half-holiday from the kitchen.

Surely anyone within reasonable age limits can help himself to sustenance once weekly? Especially when this do-it-yourself kit sports an inviting refrigerator door! Except for a shelf of taboo items, its contents let imaginations run rampant.

Ah, those weird but wonderful masterpieces originated and devoured that night. With the precision of architects kids built them bigger, better, even higher. A famed Dagwood sandwich might pale by comparison. Shelves were bared of all ingredients for salads, sandwiches and beverages. Creations ranged from ridiculous to sublime, from delectable to nauseating, from poor man's punch to gourmet's delight.

It's small wonder then that these fond musings are prompted by the words "from our experimental kitchen" on a new recipe I've decided to try. How experimental can you get? This simple phrase brings back recollections of a family tradition which soon included guests and became one of those games "any number can play."

In turn, it brings back a household expression often used hereabouts. To describe anyone in bad shape, practically destitute, we say they have "nothing but Sunday night leftovers." Mother Hubbard would understand perfectly!

*Norma A. Bliem
Stratham, NH*

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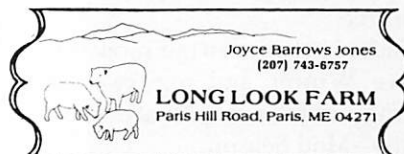
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MUD SEASON

by William O'Connell

Although most of the country has a paltry *four* seasons per year, we residents of Northcountry are favored with *five*.

Tucked in between our moderately severe Winter and our two-week Spring, our own private season exists—Mud Season.

To really enjoy the fullest effects of Mud Season, one must get out into farm country, where pavement is more scarce than a dry lobsterman. It is here, where the rich animal-smells blend into the burning hardwood odors, that the finest aspects of Mud Season are evident.

We are not talking here of citified, mud-pie-making, wet-dirt type mud, but of honest, wheel-caking, boot-sucking, tenacious, adhesive, yellow-clay, stop-dead-in-one's-tracks mud. This mud is not the type you merely rinse off with a piddling stream from a garden hose. This is the mud that breaks the improvised two-by-four scraper, then bends its axle-rod replacement; the mud that gets so deeply into the fibers of one's shirt, that traces of it remain following a year's laundering efforts; the mud that shuts off all travel and commerce for weeks at a time. This is Mud Season MUD.

How much mud is there? Tales of the first settlers of Northcountry compare the topography of this area to Kansas, except that Kansas was considerably more hilly. After the first Mud Season, small hills began to appear at the doorways of cabins. They were composed of the mud scraped from boots before entering

the house. Because of their origin, these were called foot-hills—a name they retain to this day. Over the passage of many Mud Seasons the hills became higher than the cabins, and many eventually grew to the mountains that grace the Northcountry today.

Modern youngsters, growing up in cement and asphalt surroundings, complete with central heating, indoor plumbing and color televisions, can never fully appreciate the sense of isolation and desperation a country dweller experienced in Mud Season.

During Mud Season, it could be an hour-long, slogging journey to get to the privy located fifty feet "out back," and the better part of a day might be used up getting in the day's wood, then tending the livestock.

And always, there was the mud. Caking your clothing, pulling at your boots, getting in ears, eyes and mouth, fighting your every move, and draining your last ounce of energy—was the mud.

Northcountry people had to cope, and attempt to make the best of a bad situation.

One farmer's wife, hearing that the city's womenfolk were paying fancy money to get mud-packs applied to their faces as beauty-aids, decided to use some of the plentiful Mud Season mud for the same purpose. Following the application, she took one look in the mirror, and made an instantaneous decision. She left the mud on for six months because she looked so much better with it.

Her husband, quick to capitalize on a sure thing, decided to market it in town. He fit the wooden mud-shoes onto the oxen, filled a skid-cart with mud, stirred in a little coloring material to disguise the material's source, and went off to market it. He never sold any more after the first user complained. He probably should have thought a bit before mixing the cement into the mud to tint it.

On the trip back home, this same farmer stopped at the roadside to chat with his neighbor. As they spoke, they noticed a small creature fighting its way along the muddy road.

The farmer surmised that it might be a cat, but his neighbor disagreed. It was too large to be a cat—mightn't it be a coon?

No, the farmer couldn't accept that guess, because a coon would have its long bushy tail held erect out of the mud, and there was no tail visible.

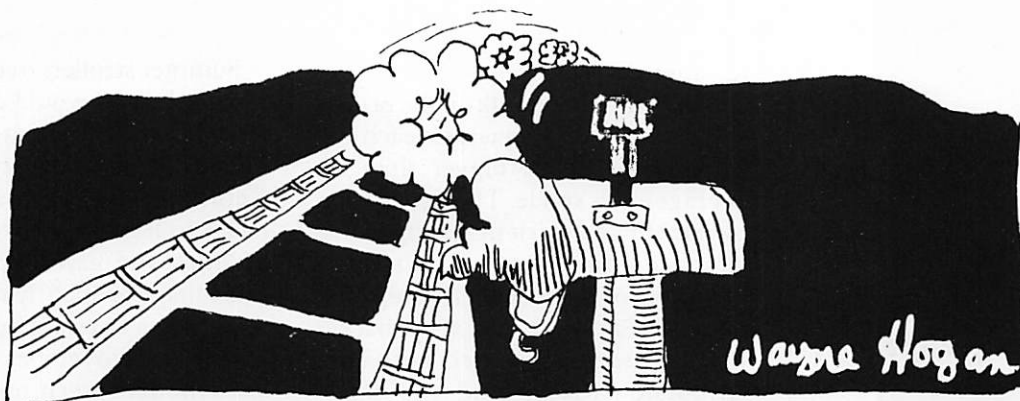
When the creature came closer, they saw that it wasn't an animal at all, but was a grey felt hat adrift in the mud-current. It resembled Harry Reston's hat, and the farmer made his way out to retrieve it for Harry.

When he lifted the hat, there was Harry's hair and face visible to both men.

"Mighty hard walking in this mud, Harry?" asked the farmer.

"Ain't walking, David, I'm a-horseback," replied Harry.

Mr. O'Connell is from Worcester, Mass.



THE BRIDGE

by Anne Gavett Sullivan

Just when it seemed that winter would never ever let go of the little Maine town, spring crept in and stayed.

It was the day the heavy grey slush on the bridge spanning the Stillwater melted away and ran in rebellious streams around the stubborn road, ice holding fast to the curb. Blackly wet pavement faded magically to dry patches. Feet accustomed to mincing on treacherous slicks of ice or bullying their way through snow drifts scraped on the unfamiliar surface. Heavy rubber boots, undone fasteners jangling in protest, kicked ferociously at the few straggling clumps of dirt-caked ice.

Faded mittens, stretched and matted from snowballs and hot radiators were yanked off and stuffed into coat pockets. Teasing gusts of the freshening breeze caressed away bits of wool fibres that clung damply to newly liberated fingers. Earflaps were lifted and scarves pushed back, exposing ears and cheeks that longed to feel the feverish tingle of early spring winds. Anxious fingers fumbled with coat buttons and zippers,

as if afraid the winter cold would return before the spring could be captured and held. The sun was bright with watery yellow light that warmed the white faces of winter weary children and adults.

Green weather boards, bolted to the railing of the bridge, were a stern reminder of the long winter just passed with storms of blinding whiteness and hissing ice flakes. Dark green and unmarked when they were put on in November, they offered grateful pedestrians a modicum of protection from the frigid winds that swirled the black water beneath the bridge. Children of all ages had left their marks on the boards. Some drew stick figures, some more elaborate and meaningful offerings. The most poignant were the hearts and initials in vivid shades of hot and flaming scarlet lipstick. The winter's attack had worn and faded those statements of undying love just as the long cold days and nights had faded the fiery passions of the fall.

Four-letter words abounded. Some were solitary, angry statements while others were more cleverly woven into seemingly innocuous quotes. White-chalked fraternity and sorority

letters competed with each other for placement, size and ostentatiousness. They, too, showed the heavy toll exacted by the weather and were as faded and tired as the morning after party night on Fraternity Row. One thin, once unwavering chalk line ran the entire length of the boards. Even that bit of original graffiti had been unable to withstand the ravages of sleet, snows and mittened hands. It survived as a line of Morse Code stuttering across the faded planks.

The few knotholes were incorporated into original creations of verse or renderings of anatomical improbabilities. Pedestrians hoping to catch a glimpse of ice-floes moving down river approached those obscenities cautiously. Unwilling to be deprived of the river view they sought, they were reluctant to appear either amused or offended by the crude drawings. Splintered gouge marks around the heavy nuts and bolts suggested fraternity pranksters intent on removing souvenir pieces to incorporate into winter carnival snow sculptures. The grey weathered nuts held fast and would undoubtedly give town workers more aggravation than they wanted when the order came to take the boards down

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for another year.

The cement sidewalk on the bridge was marked in squares, each of which was a little bigger than an average adult stride. The newly bare pavement and spirit of Spring in the air made it difficult to resist a mental recitation of the folk curse "step on a crack, break your mother's back." The urge seemed to affect both usually staid citizens and the more uninhibited children. Ichabod Crane-ish strides were the choice of the very tall while the double-step of Munchkins on the way to Oz was favored by the shorter passers-by.

The sidewalk bore the scars of the battle with the Maine winter and highway maintenance crews. Hunks along the curb had been scraped away by the occasionally errant snowplow blade and rusted iron rods poked nakedly through the crumbling remains. Chunky potholes in the bridge itself filled with the melting runoff of slush and cars going by splashed inattentive walkers.

The winter cold had moved people hurriedly along the bridge. Muffled heads and shoulders bent to the task of crossing the river and maintaining enough momentum to make it up the hill on the other side. Head-on collisions between people traveling in opposite directions on narrow foot-pocked paths between snow banks were sometimes unavoidable as downcast eyes failed to see approaching disaster. The unfamiliar whiff of Spring slowed pacers to saunterers with shoulders lifted and heads tilted jauntily up to catch the sun's cheering rays. Bridge users looked a little surprised to see other people on the bridge, having made their many winter treks in real or imagined solitude.

Summer strollers over the bridge's repaired curbs would delight in the respite of cooling green breezes swirling up from the lazy blue river. Returning students in the fall would pause to lean on the freshly painted railings and gaze appreciatively at the foliage brilliantly reflected in the quiet shore waters. The bone-chilling winds of November would bring back the dark green, unstained bridge boards and the snows of winter would frost them with icy white. And just when it seemed that winter would never ever let go of the little Maine town, Spring would creep in and stay.

Ms. Sullivan lives in Newton, Mass.

CHIMNEY FIRE

The night and cold stole silently
From room to room of our farmhouse,
A signal that I should arouse myself
And light the fire on the kitchen hearth.

I watched as if mesmerized
As an orange flame began to lick
At dry oak limbs and birch logs
And felt the warmth of its radiant heat.

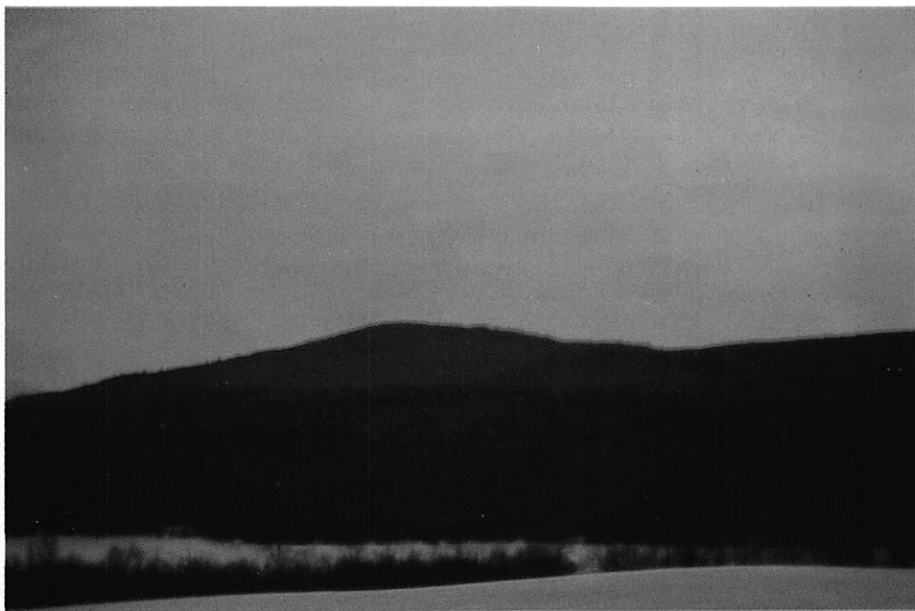
Suddenly the tranquility was broken
By the roar of an angry inferno
Rushing up the great chimney
As if blown from a dragon's mouth.

I dashed to the door and gazed out
To see flames shooting skyward
As if Vesuvius were erupting
To destroy again Pompeii.

Sparks and ashes rained downward,
Beating a staccato upon the metal roof;
How like the faros at Alexandria
Burning like a torch in the darkness of the night.

Then slowly the flames subsided
As if inhaled by the chimney itself;
A few sparks—then nothing;
Darkness and quietude crept silently back again.

*Jack Barnes
Hiram, ME*



Georgia Robertson
Photo

Notes From Brookfield Farm

by Jack Barnes

April Rambles

There is nothing more inspirational than an early April morning to set one to performing a multitude of tasks that somehow must get accomplished before the next winter sets in. I never make a list of what has to be done over a period of time, however. Once one has completed the cycle once or twice, most jobs around the farm become routine—but seldom boring.

It is not necessary, for example, to make a note which says: "Fix fences," "Plant peas," or "Set the incubator." As soon as the snow begins to melt (in March, with any luck) I begin to perambulate about the pastures, making mental observations and computations of exactly where the sheep wire sags and where posts lean

either forward or backward. I usually keep a reserve supply of rails and posts under the barn all peeled and seasoned to replace those decayed, broken, or decrepit. And there is no need to jot down, "Cut fence posts." No, cutting fence posts is an annual late-winter or early-spring ritual at Brookfield Farm. Knowing myself, I should very likely misplace the list of things that have to be done around here, and probably become so discouraged as to quit farming completely.

I guess what I like the most about early April is that, although one can sense and hear the stirring vibrations of a reawakening, there is still a little time remaining before one has to plunge head first into farming. I have just come down from the hill where I turned over new ground last fall. I remember plowing well into the night by moonlight on Saturday and finishing the job late Sunday afternoon—hoping all the time there were no wrathful Calvinists

lying about—just as arctic winds began to chase away the tropical air. By morning all of Brookfield was blanketed under nearly a foot of snow. The point is that there is no way one can positively say that such and such a thing will be done on a certain day, week, or even during a particular month—the weather in these parts is just too unpredictable.

At any length, the coal-black furrows were coated with a silver lining this morning in the dazzling western sun. Only a few clouds, like woolly sheep—a reminder that I must make arrangements to have my flock sheared of their winter coats—drifted silently toward the more distant hills. A song sparrow perched on a rusty harrow (left by my predecessor or the one before him), threw back his head, puffed out his little chest, and filled the air with mellifluous note after note. Other familiar April sounds were the mild sibilant breezes and the incessant liquid voice of our wooded

stream as its silver-and-gold-filigreed waters tumbled and splashed along a serpentine course.

I went up the hill, after completing the chores, to do the annual spring cleaning of the bluebird house. I had my heart set on naming the hill—part of a tract of land which I recently purchased from my elderly neighbor Herman (or just plain "Herm"). I rushed down to the house and burst into the kitchen to tell Diana the good news:

"There are bluebirds up on the hill! From now on I am calling it Bluebird Hill."

"But you can't do that," she contested; "we've always called it Herman's Hill."

Well, the bluebirds settled the matter by subletting the house to a pair of tree swallows, and they headed down to the valley and took up housekeeping in the little birdhouse in the middle of the thyme, sage, and

sorrel. Somehow Tree Swallow Hill does not have the same euphonic ring; and besides, as my logical wife pointed out, anyone who has lived here as long as Herman has deserves to have a hill named after him.

So, the way the soil felt and smelled up on Herman's Hill this morning, I may just plant some peas up there by the end of next week (unless, of course, winter decides suddenly to do an encore and dump a foot of snow on the ground). It is not good practice to plant peas year after year on old ground; root rot can develop when one does not rotate.

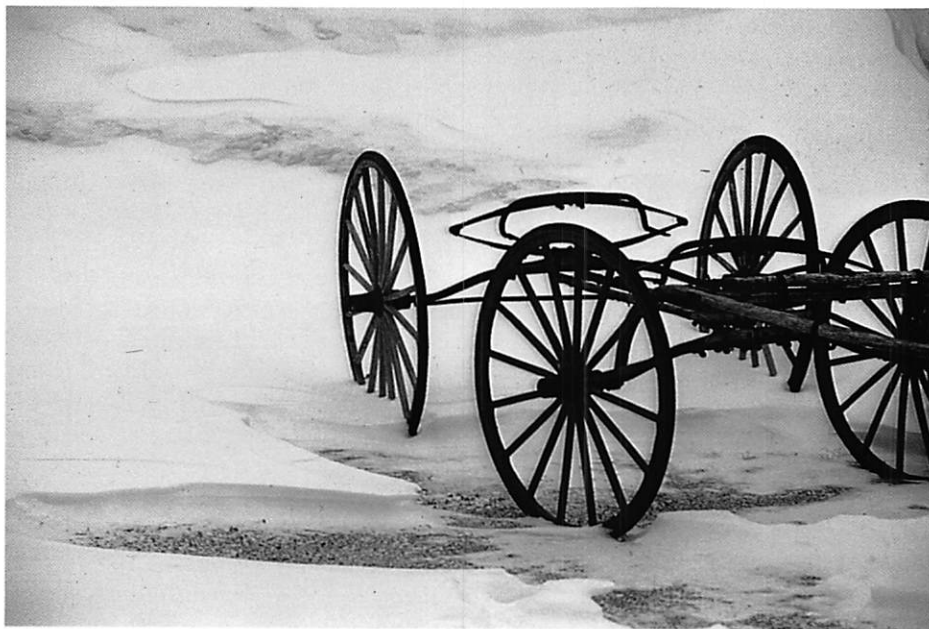
Hopefully, we will look for clover where I planted millet last year along the edge of the woods, and the woodchucks will be kept so occupied that they will not venture to the opposite side and crop my peas. I have a long standing arrangement with the woodchucks in the valley. I have promised to keep them well

supplied with clover at the far end of the meadow if they will remain down there and leave my gardens at the other end alone. We established geopolitical boundaries many years ago, and I am happy to say that thus far there have been very few infractions, even at mowing time. A goodly number of nations would be better off all the way around if they could come to a similar understanding. Now, I have not as yet met with the woodchucks up on the hill to formulate some sort of oral concord, but I am optimistic that everything between us will work out just fine as long as the clover stays lush.

I plan to spend most of the remainder of this April day up beyond Herman's Hill where our dirt road narrows to the width of a car. I will clear the brush from the pasture and stack the wood I cut last winter so that the grass can gain the freedom it needs to sprout. I'll take a few moments from my labor to have a cup of hot chocolate or tea and nibble on cheese and crackers with my friend Jane and her parents who live in a charming old cape across the road from the pasture gate. We will discuss a new book or a poem, perhaps one she has just written, or something more mundane such as when I can plow her garden (that I meant to plow last fall). Perhaps her talented dad will have a new landscape painting on the easel or a few sketches lying about.

Inevitably, I shall have to descend to the farm and do the evening chores, but I hope to persuade Diana to saunter back up to Herman's Hill with me and watch the April sun drop down behind Hiram Hill. It is spring. §

April Snowstorm - Juanita Perkins Photo





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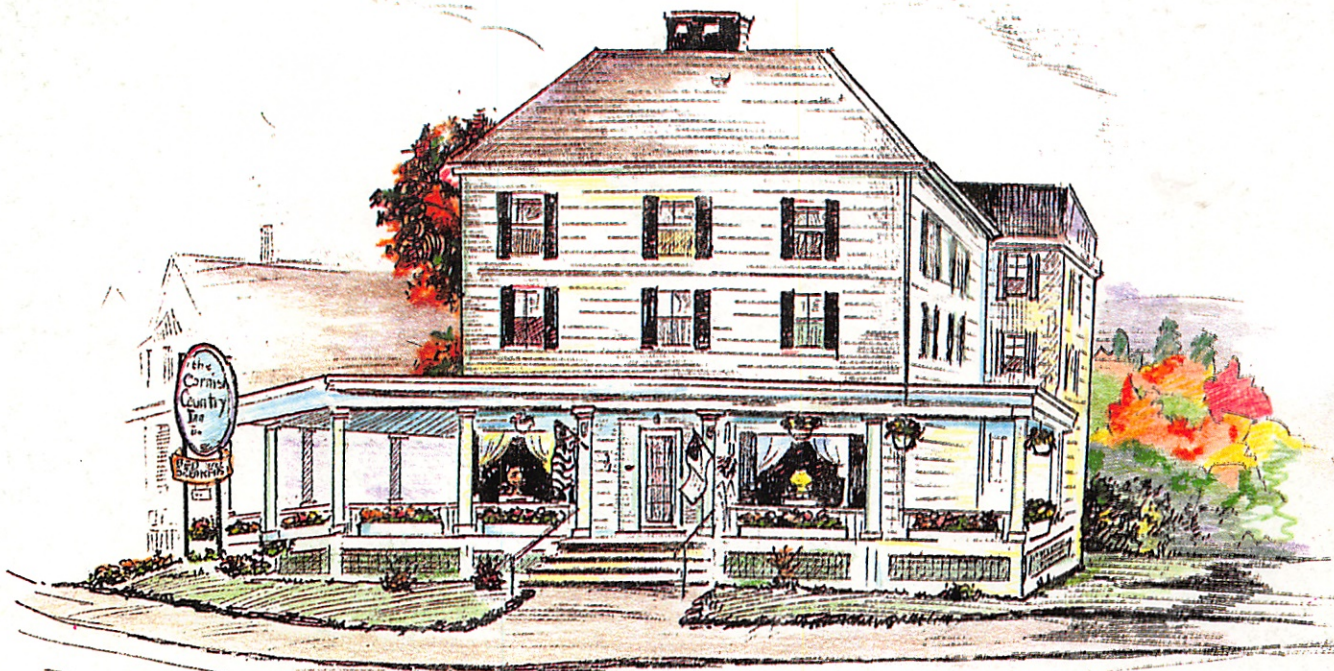
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